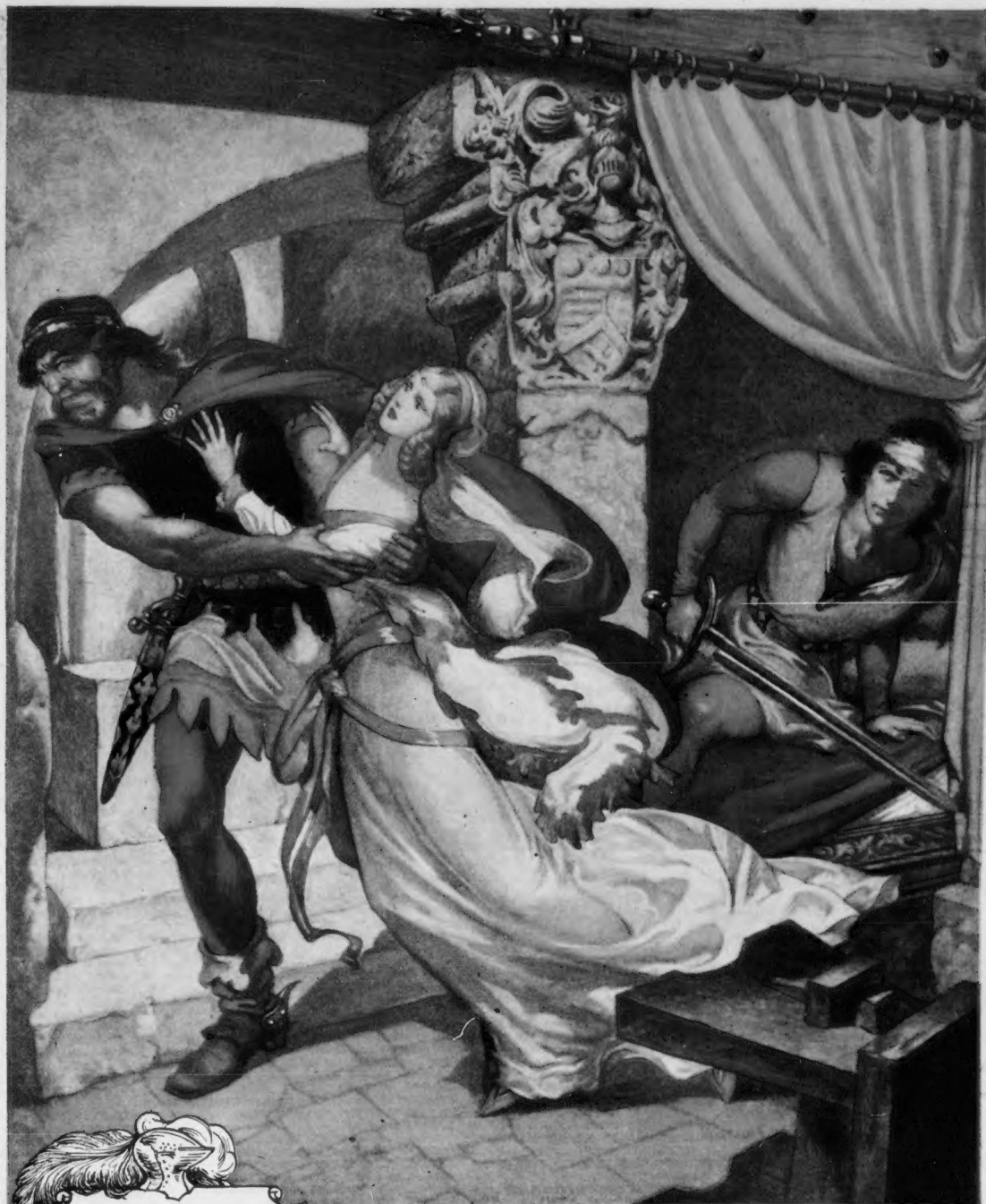


THE AMERICAN AWEEKLY

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Week of Nov. 30, 1947



*Enchanting Romance of
King Arthur's Court
Told by John Erskine
On Next Page*

Geraint and Enid

*Painting by
Willy Pogany*

Illustrated by R. F. SCHABELITZ



Doorm's Followers Ran From the Hall, Frightened Because They Had Seen the Earl Killed by a Dead Man, a Ghost.

VENGEANCE OF GERALNT

By John Erskine

IN THE Welsh version of the story, as translated by Lady Guest, there is no Earl of Doorm. Tennyson, feeling the need of such a character in his poem, partly for contrast and partly as a supplement to Earl Limours, invented Doorm, as it were, out of whole cloth.

He differs from Limours in size and vulgarity, but both are intended to illustrate the rough villains of the world which Arthur and his Round Table reformed and civilized.

While Geraint was lying on his shield where Doorm's spearmen had carried him, Doorm didn't bother himself to find out whether this knight of Arthur's was dead or mortally wounded.

Arthur and he both had a good supply of men, and since Arthur was no friend of such fellows as Limours and Doorm, it was satisfactory on the whole to suppose that Geraint as he lay there in a faint, was breathing his last, or already had done so.

A Medieval Earl would have in his household some man or woman who understood the medical science of the time. Doorm summons no such aid for Geraint.

Since Enid and Geraint come from Arthur's Court and presumably, therefore, appreciate the arts, Doorm rouses himself from his gluttonous mood to show something of his esthetic side.

Since Enid will not eat until her husband wakes from his trance, nor drink wine until he rises and drinks with her, Doorm tries her with a new argument.

"Girl, I am accustomed to discipline in my house. You might as well take warning. Yonder man is dead, or he soon will be. Why do you

defy my wishes for the sake of a fellow who cared for neither you nor your beauty?"

"Look at that gown you are wearing! He dressed you in rags. Though you would not eat nor drink to please me, at least change that beggar costume for a dress worthy of you. Beauty should be framed in beauty."

With that he beckoned to one of his women, who brought a splendid gown of blue silk, shading into green, and down the front of it jewels hung like drops of dew on blades of grass. The light, striking the jewels, made the cloth sparkle.

Enid had tried to answer him gently, aware of his hot temper, but what he said about the gown she had worn on the quest, roused her indignation, and gave her strength to defy him.

"In this beggar garment, as you call it, he saw me first. I was serving in my father's house, where we were poor. He loved me for the service and for the gown I then wore. Therefore he took me to Arthur's Court, still wearing this gown, and Queen Guinevere herself gave me another dress, radiant as the sunlight."

"When we started upon this fatal

quest for some kind of honor which I did not understand, he told me to put on this, my oldest gown. I will change it for nothing better until he rises again in health."

"Now you have had from me the plain truth. Will you not be gentle and take one answer for all the kindnesses you offer? I never loved any man but him. I can love no one else."

Earl Doorm had for the moment no answer ready. His spearmen and his women, seated around the great table, were leaning forward to miss no turn in the debate. It was incredible that he should permit a beautiful woman to talk back to him, least of all in the presence of his retainers.

For a moment he strode up and down the length of his hall, at each turn glancing down where Geraint lay on an oaken settle to which the spearmen had carried him in the hollow of his shield—glancing down also at the pale determined face of Enid seated beside him.

Perhaps it was Tennyson's wish that the reader should detect in Earl Doorm's hesitation some belated stirring of decency. The brigands who opposed King Arthur and his ideals were aware, none the less, that Arthur, if he succeeded, would establish

a better world. Earl Doorm may have had his decent impulses, though they passed quickly.

Turning close to Enid as he paced the length of the hall, he cried suddenly, "Lady, I have spoken roughly and I have spoken gently, but with you, one way is as good as the other. Expect no more patience from me! I give you now the kind of salute you deserve!"

With that, swinging at her, he slapped her face.

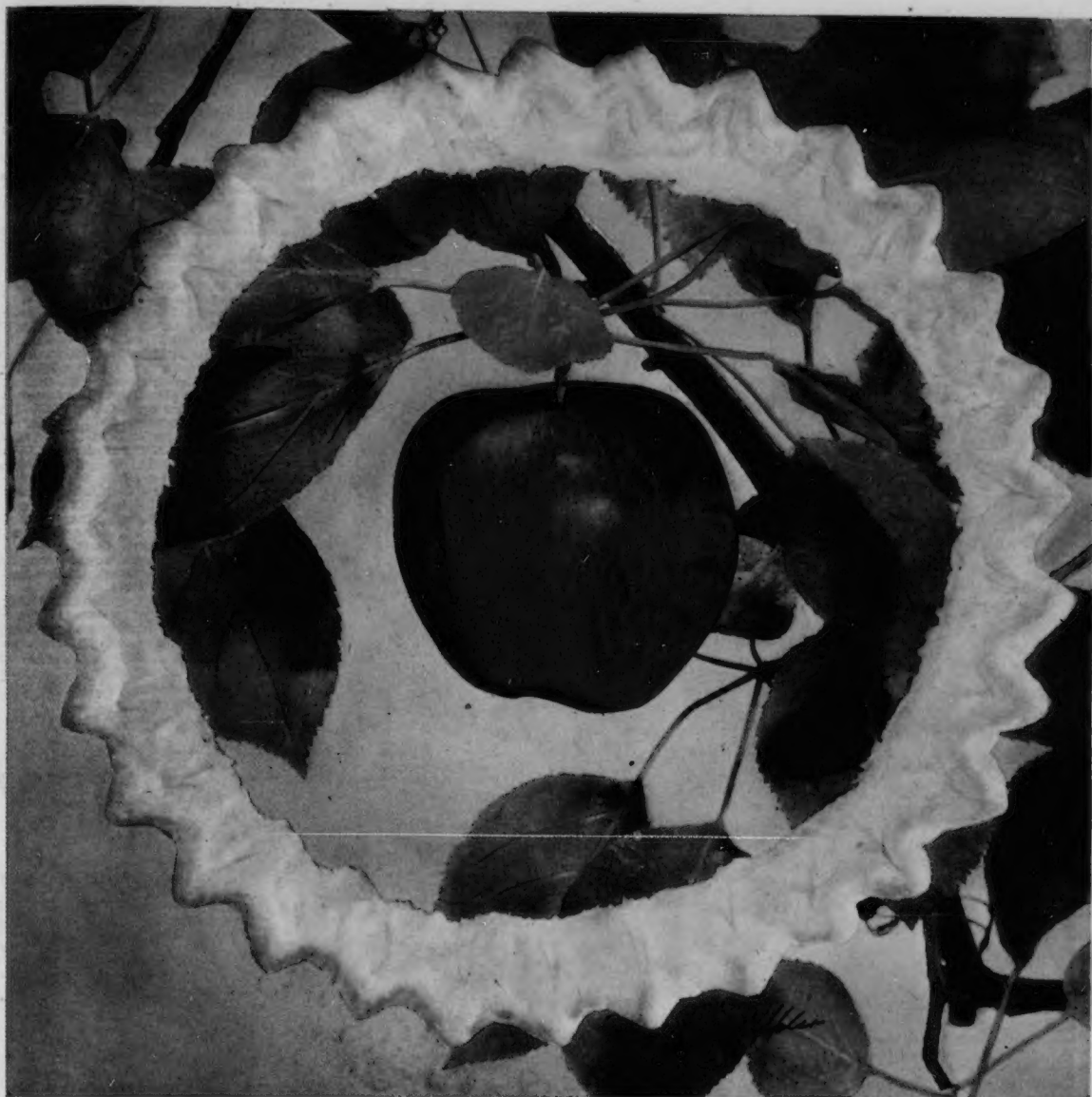
A cry broke from her, not at the blow, but thinking that Geraint must certainly be dead, and Earl Doorm must know he was dead, or the insult would never have been given. Earl Doorm must be quite sure she is in his power, trapped, without a defender.

Geraint heard her cry and groped for his sword where it rested beside him in the hollow shield. Earl Doorm really did believe him a dead man, or he would have been careful. With a single bound Geraint was on his feet. With one sweep of his sword he shaved the redbearded Earl's head off at the neck, and it rolled on the floor.

Then the spearmen and Doorm's women ran from the hall, frightened not because the Earl was gone, but because they had seen him killed by a dead man, a ghost.

Next Week: Faithful Enid's Reward

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY



NOT LONG AGO the American homemaker discovered a most unusual package at her grocer's. This new product—Apple PYEQUICK—contains both the pastry

and the apple slices, and makes it easy to turn out perfect pies in less than half the usual mixing time. For once that old saying, "Easy as pie," makes sense.

Who says jobs don't grow on trees?

You are looking at a job growing on a tree, for that big red apple up there is the apple in Apple PYEQUICK.

This new time-saving way to make apple pie has already won a lot of friends—the apple grower out in Washington, the men and women in our Chicago plant who process and pack PYEQUICK, and the corner grocer who brings it so conveniently to you.

That's the nice thing about bringing out a new product—so many people benefit from it.

The farmer benefits because it helps him sell more of the things he raises. Last year we paid close to \$312 million for the

materials and services of farmers and other suppliers.

The worker benefits because it helps make more jobs at higher pay. During the last ten years, new product development helped to add 5,000 people to our payroll.

The stockholder benefits, too, because it helps his company earn a reasonable profit. Last year our earnings were about 2½¢ on each dollar of sales.

More new products like PYEQUICK are on the way. With them will come new jobs, new markets for the farmer, and new things for you to make your homemaking easier.





Ex-Model Claire Coulter Wants No More of Husband or Husbandry—And Now There's a \$1500 a Month Question: Who Did the Barnyard Chores?

The first Mrs. Barney was Katherine Lycurgus Winchester, who married him in 1926 and divorced him in Reno four years later. She accused him of fault-finding and nagging and paying marked attention to other women.

Eighteen months afterwards, Barney married once-divorced Mrs. Helen Hackett Keech. They quarreled and were divorced six years later.

The current Mrs. Barney says she and her husband lived in New York City for a year and a half and then decided to go back to the soil. They took over Arcadia Farms, a country estate in Hopewell Junction, Dutchess County, N. Y., with a 14-room house and 1100 rolling acres.

In papers filed in New York Supreme Court, Claire says her husband has been without a job (aside from 1942 to 1945 when he was in the Navy) since a year after their marriage and has spent most of his time trying to establish himself as "a metropolitan clubman and Lothario."

She lists four women by initial. The first, according to Claire, was "N," a divorcee, with whom he fell in love late in 1941. He got over that, she says, and they were reconciled.

"A" was next, in the fall of 1943. Barney was stationed in Florida then, says Claire, and one night he called her at Hopewell Junction and told her about this involvement, asking her to "get down here and save me from her."

Claire went to Florida and says the association with "A" ended on her arrival and that she forgave him for the second time.

In the winter of 1945, continued Claire, "he was paying court to 'H,' a woman of social prominence who was subsequently jailed for smuggling in a foreign country." He sent her

FARMER BARNEY HAD A *Wife*

By Irving Johnson

FARMER BARNEY says his wife slept till noon. He says she was only interested in gin rummy and cocktail parties and didn't go to bed till 2 or 3 o'clock in the morning.

Mrs. Barney says he didn't get up any earlier than she did and that he spent all the day idle, discussing great plans with the farmhands and never carrying them out.

Now they're separated. The farmer has left his wife and she's suing him for a separation, \$1500 a month alimony and \$7500 counsel fees.

Farmer Barney is J. Stewart Barney, rich New York clubman and he blames his beautiful wife's parties and her apathy towards the cows and chickens on his lush upstate New York acres for the failure of their nine-year marriage.

Mrs. Barney, former Powers model Claire Coulter, disputes his version of life on the farm. She insists it wasn't as he says at all. She drove a two-ton truck during the haying season, "she claims, and helped with the farmyard chores."

According to Claire's statement, in her suit for separation, she took care of the chickens and her own tulip garden while Barney was interested

mainly in fattening up his prize cattle for profit.

Even if she and Barney didn't rise and shine bright and early, it never mattered on their farm, explains Claire. They had five farmhands who did all the plowing, planting and farming.

They did get up real early in the haying season, she says—about 9 o'clock. She says she drove the big truck all day till dusk while Barney pitched hay—but only for a couple of hours.

That, she says, was the only time she and her gentleman-farmer husband knew they were farmers. Claire, incidentally, says she was actually born on a farm in New Hampshire.

Mrs. Barney disagrees with her departed spouse on another point. All this talk about whether she helped on the farm, overslept or entertained her friends, she declares, has little bearing on the case. The real fault, she says, is not in her, but in her husband and his behavior.

She says, briefly, that he treated her cruelly and preferred the company of other women, often trying to bully her into divorcing him so he could marry one of them.

The Barneys were married in 1938 in Cody, Wyoming, Claire for the first time; Barney for the third.

expensive flowers and gifts, alleges Claire, and escorted her to New York night clubs while she remained at home alone on the farm.

The Barneys parted this time, but he came home again, said the episode was over and asked to be taken back. Claire says she reluctantly agreed.

Then, she goes on, just before Christmas, 1946, he asked her for a divorce.

"I am enamored of a woman," she quoted him as saying, "and want a divorce."

He offered her \$500 a month for five years, says Claire, but she refused.

The fourth woman in Barney's extra-marital life, says Claire, was "B." He met her, she says, after leaving farm and wife and taking quarters at the Union Club in New York City. According to Claire, he invited "B" to the farm one day while she was away, showed her around and introduced her to the servants.

Regarding his alleged cruelty, Claire says he tried to fire her maid, slammed doors and played the radio loudly at night, cut off her hotel credit in New York, put the farm up for sale and ordered the farmhands to dig up her tulip garden.

Claire says he told her last year he was worth three-quarters of a million dollars. She estimated her own living needs at \$15,000 a year.

Barney says his exact net worth is only \$277,384.49 and his annual income is \$13,428, including a \$50 a week salary in his new job with a publishing firm. He says he'll give his wife \$300 a month if she'll move off the farm.

He says she's still beautiful, strong and healthy, and if she's dissatisfied with this arrangement she can go back to modeling.

Claire, meanwhile, is staying up on the farm and leaving everything to the court. She's much too busy with her chickens, she says.

By William Engle

KITTY GORDON, who used to be loved by theatre audiences of two continents, has been silent in the shadows so long that her old admirers had begun to believe they would never hear of her again.

Elderly now, she would be too old, they knew, to play again such a part as gay Olga in "The Dollar Princess" or the radiant Vivian Savary in "The Enchantress." She could not again endure the pace of Murietta in "The Girl and the Wizard."

Not one of her once-vast public probably could have guessed that if she did once more appear in the light of public notice she would have a stranger role than any she ever had in drama, musical comedy, vaudeville or the soundless movies.

She played that role recently. She chose it herself. There is only the court record to explain it.

She began an action in Supreme Court in New York, revealing that the daughter whom she used to adore, had once been involved in a shattering romance with a married man, a friend of the family, one of the country's wealthy industrialists.

The girl (now dead) was Vera Beresford, her daughter by her second husband—her only daughter.

The man, she said, was John Frederic Byers, millionaire director on the board of the Iron makers, A. M. Byers Company, a director of the

Kitty Gordon's STRANGEST ROLE

the approval of Mr. Byers, he paid her \$500 every month until Sept. 7, 1935.

In that period, Kitty was married a third time, to her present husband, Ralph Ranlet, New York stock broker, and this period came to an abrupt end on that Sept. 7, 1935.

On that day, Vera was married to Samuel Merwin White, of Providence and Newport, R. I., in St. Bartholomew's Church in New York. After that day, Kitty says, Byers didn't pay the \$500 a month any more to Vera.

Swiftly, then, the situation grew more complex. Vera's husband died. In 1937, Kitty says, Vera suffered a "mental and nervous shock and breakdown." Byers, says Kitty, hurried to her and asked her to care for Vera in her illness and get her the best medical attention. She did, she says. In the same year, Byers, whose first wife had died, married again.

The end drew near on July 14, 1945. Vera, suffering then from cancer, had an operation. Byers, says Kitty, telegraphed from Southampton to Ralph Ranlet:

"Terribly sorry about Vera. Please do not wire or telephone. I will call you. Fritz."

The day of the end was Oct. 7, 1945. Vera died. Now, her mother says:

"I am certain from my acquaintance with Mr. Byers, going back many years, he will not lie under oath and that as an honorable man, he will, when properly questioned, admit the truth."

★
The Famous Actress Claimed That She Heard the Millionaire Persuade Her Daughter to Leave the Dress Shop and Acquire a Residence of Her Own.
★



Mellon National Bank in Pittsburgh, a trustee of Carnegie Institute and of the Carnegie Institute of Technology, a former president of the United States Golf Association.

Kitty made the revelation in a suit against the industrialist. She said that during his friendship with Vera he promised to pay her \$500 a month as long as she lived. She claimed that \$5,000 was due when Vera died, and asks for it. Also she claimed that he was obligated to pay \$31,080 to her for having taken care of Vera through a long illness and for having met hospital bills.

Byers said the charges were fantastic. The aftermath of Vera's alleged association with the industrialist—she was "on intimate terms of friendship" with him, Kitty says—is far different from the dream her mother dreamed for her. Kitty wanted Vera to be a great actress and she gave her a start.

They had come to America together in 1915, leaving Kitty's husband and Vera's father, Captain the Honorable Henry William Walter Horsley Beresford, behind in England. Vera was in her early teens and her mother was playing in New York's famous old Winter Garden.

Kitty's fame broadened. She starred in suave drawing-room roles, as the heroine in the early helter-skelter movies and in romantic singing parts. But Vera, seeking success on screen and stage, also won only moderate acclaim.

Kitty's first husband had died; then Captain Beresford died. Kitty retired from the stage; Vera, too; and they opened an exclusive dress shop in New York.

This was the time, Kitty says, that the Pittsburgh millionaire came into their lives. He was stalwart and handsome. His ways were gentle. He was a horseman (and so was his son until a horse's hoof killed him in a riding accident) and a golfer.

"He often visited Vera at my home and frequently took her to places of amusement," Kitty's complaint says.

"Some time in 1932, Mr. Byers asked Vera to give up her position as my employee and acquire a residence of her own. An oral agreement was then made between them whereby Vera promised to give up her position, leave my home and get a residence of her own. Mr. Byers in turn agreed to give her \$500 a month for the rest of her life.

"After Vera took the apartment, which had

Illustrated by WILLIAM RANDALL



By Gene Coughlin

HARRY OAKES took his envious eyes off the more prosperous looking fellow passengers in the day coach of the Canadian train creaking through eastern Ontario, and sighed.

At 38 he had to admit he wasn't a success, financially. He had his degree from Maine's Bowdoin College. As a mining engineer, usually on his own, he had explored the Belgian Congo, California's Death Valley, South America and Australia, without uncovering the golden bonanza that would make him rich—at least rich enough, to send to Sydney for the girl of his dreams, bright-eyed Eunice McIntyre.

"Ticket, please!"

Countess or Commoner, Roza Brown Did a Man's Work With the Axe or Canoe and Staked Out Claims That Netted Her \$21,000.

Harry Oakes sighed again and stood up to look the conductor in the eye.

He shook his head, not even bothering to make the traditional gesture of going through his empty pockets.

"I'm sorry," the conductor said. "I'll have to put you off."

So Harry Oakes got off at the next stop and started on his hike.

It was a hike that led him to discover the Lake Shore mine, one of the great American Bonanzas, which made him a multimillionaire, baronette

and, finally, the victim of a murder mystery which is still unsolved as this is being written.

He was plain Harry Oakes that day in 1914 when he was put off the train to become a reluctant pedestrian.

He was Sir Harry Oakes, richest man in the Bahamas, that night in 1943 when he was bludgeoned to death in his mansion near Nassau—a crime for which his son-in-law, Count Alfred de Marigny, was tried and acquitted.

Oakes' discovery of the Lake Shore and other claims, like his sudden death, was cloaked in an



TRAGIC MILLIONS OF HARRY OAKES

aura of mystery. There were two versions. The first version had it that Oakes, on his trek to the north, made friends with an aged Chinese, who led him to the treasure. In later years, Sir Harry dismissed this romantic tale with one of his infrequent guffaws.

THE second and more acceptable version, supported by some facts, and never repudiated by the principals, is even more romantic, starting with his arrival at Kirkland Lake, Ontario, and his meeting with Roza Brown.

Roza, who insisted she was the daughter of a Budapest professor, went to Canada to seek her fortune the hard way—scrubbing floors and doing laundry for the men of the camp. But her friends,

mindful of her manners and the traces of beauty that remained, claimed she had been a countess in her native Hungary.

The adventuresome countess had made an unsanctioned trip to Paris, her friends said, and lost her jewels and her purse to a sneak thief. Instead of asking for help from Budapest, she went to London and, in 1905, appeared in Montreal as a waitress.

There came rumors of a gold strike at Cobalt, Ontario, and Roza joined the parade.

Countess or commoner, she did a man's work with the axe or canoe and staked out claims that netted her \$21,000. The money "got away somehow," she explained later, and Roza moved to Halleyburg as a laundress. There she married the jawn baker, James Brown, who was killed soon afterwards in World War I.

In Roza Brown, Harry Oakes found a kindred soul. Both well traveled, both intelligent and both practically broke.

"I'm hoping for work," said Harry Oakes. "And I," sighed the wringer-weary Roza, "am hoping to quit it. Maybe we can get together."

They did. Roza had enough money saved to make a modest grubstake and Oakes resumed his search for gold. He found and staked out several mediocre claims before the outcroppings of the big bonanza, the Lake Shore, convinced him he had hit the jackpot.

He filed his claim a few minutes before the legal deadline—and the financial worries of Roza Brown and Harry Oakes were over.

ROZA outlived him, dying last March at the age of 93 at Kirkland Lake, where she had become a legendary figure, with her \$1,000 fur coats, her \$3 rubber boots and her menagerie of dogs, cats, chickens and a stray goat or sheep.

As her wealth increased, Roza developed an amazing admiration for royalty and nobility.

She set aside seven houses, worth \$30,000, for members of England's royal family, each with the name and coat of arms on a brightly painted shingle. When Harry Oakes was knighted her cup of joy overflowed.

When Sir Harry was murdered, she elbowed her way through a gay throng at a Kirkland Lake dance and shouted:

"This is no night for dancing! It is a night of sadness! Sir Harry is dead!"

As long as she was able to speak, she insisted "Sir Harry never needed my help. He was a great man in his own right."

Her estate, once estimated at a million dollars, came to \$40,000.

Roza Brown was the second woman to have proved a powerful influence in the life of Harry Oakes.

In Sydney, Australia, during the lean days of his fruitless prospecting, he had met Eunice Myrtle McIntyre; the young and pretty keeper of a boarding house. She gave him special dishes and encouragement and the couple had an "understanding" when he left Australia. He would send for her when he'd found his fortune.

They were married in 1923 just as Oakes, at 49, decided millionaires were small fry and was setting out to become the richest man in Canada, a goal he attained, thanks to the faithful Lake Shore mine.

The Lake Shore had given him \$10,000,000 by

ward. Erstwhile Harry Oakes became Sir Harry Oakes, Bart.

Once again, he should have settled down to a life of bountiful content—but a dark cloud was coming over the horizon from Mauritius, an island in the Indian Ocean. The cloud, in the elegant person of Count Alfred de Marigny, was headed for New York with his bride, Lucie Alice Cahin, daughter of an Alsatian banker.

SHORTLY after arrival in New York, Lucie left the coast for Florida and divorced him the same year, 1937. Among other things, she related, de Marigny failed to return her dowry.

De Marigny said nothing, but married Ruth Fahnestock Schermerhorn the day she got a Reno divorce from A. Coster Schermerhorn. Wife No. 2 had quite a bit of money and the happy couple headed for the Bahamas, the "taxpayers' heaven"—and the home of Sir Harry Oakes, his wife and his five children, especially beautiful Nancy, red-haired, teen-aged and understandably spoiled.

The de Marignys built a "dream house" on the island of Eleuthera. They settled down to enjoy life in their gardens of Eden, only to awaken to the invasion of the serpent, War. England, as a participant, froze the funds of its subjects.

Ruth Schermerhorn de Marigny was the American wife of a British subject, which meant she couldn't use the money she had invested in Bahamas projects.

But there was an out for her, somebody suggested. All she had to do was to go to Miami, divorce de Marigny, and thus become an American citizen again, giving her the right to take her money to the United States.

She got her divorce in 1941, and went back to Nassau, where she and de Marigny continued to be friends.

Nancy Oakes, restless heiress to millions, liked the way Alfred de Marigny handled speedboats and sailing craft. Sir Harry Oakes didn't like anything about him, so the courtship had to be carried on quietly.

Nancy and de Marigny eloped in May, 1942, and Harry Oakes exploded when the news reached the baronial estate, Westbourne.

"A fortune hunter!" he stormed. "And twice Nancy's age!" De Marigny admitted to 35.

While Sir Harry threatened to disinherit his daughter, her mother financed the pair on a honeymoon to Mexico, where Nancy came down with typhoid. Her stay in the hospital and her recovery softened Oakes and he began to tolerate his son-in-law. But not for long.

Mrs. Ruth de Marigny announced she planned to sue her former husband to recover the sum of \$100,000 she said she had given, or loaned, him.

Nancy was packed off to school at Bennington College in Vermont, after a reported promise that she would never see de Marigny again. Lady Oakes and the younger children went to the Oakes estate at Bar Harbor to wait the family reunion.

Sir Harry was to leave Nassau July 6, 1943, to join them, but a bit of business detained him, fatefully and finally. He stayed over to inspect a flock of sheep he had imported.

On the evening of July 7, he said good-night to his friend, Harold Christie, and retired early to the master bedroom, where his body was found the next morning. He had been beaten about the head and his assailant had made an attempt to

burn the bed and destroy all evidence.

One of the first to be caught in the ensuing dragnet was Sir Harry's son-in-law, Alfred de Marigny. It developed that the count had been co-host at a party eight miles from Westbourne on the night of the murder.

It was further developed he had dropped a guest near Westbourne after midnight the same night. On July 9, he was formally charged with the murder.

NANCY broke her promise and saw her husband in court, to testify in his behalf. Her mother testified that she and Sir Harry had changed their wills after Nancy's elopement, which "frightfully upset" them.

The wills gave Nancy, along with the other children, \$1,000 a month until her 30th birthday, when she would receive some three million dollars. A police officer testified de Marigny's hair was singed and his mouth swollen the morning after the murder, but the jury wasn't convinced. It acquitted de Marigny, and Nancy started suit for divorce.

De Marigny settled in Canada but last April Canadian authorities announced he would be deported to Mauritius because "he is not acceptable to this country." De Marigny immediately started a battle to remain there.

Thus the end of one chapter in the saga of Harry Oakes and his big bonanza; a saga that will undoubtedly continue to be written as long as the Lake Shore mine yields its golden treasure. But the added chapters won't bother the man who discovered it, or the washerwoman who made the discovery possible.

1923. In the year 1933 it yielded \$3,000,000. In the four years starting with 1935, the Lake Shore and lesser properties in Canada poured the sum of \$23,000,000 into the Oakes one-man treasury. Harry Oakes should have been a happy man, what with his sweetheart at his side, his vaults bursting with money, and the game preserve with golf course that he maintained for his five children at Niagara Falls, Ontario. But, in common with lesser men, he was irked by income taxes.

For several years before he gave up his American citizenship, Oakes paid taxes to Canada and the United States. He changed that in 1934 when he purchased a shooting box in England and returned, not to Canada but to Florida.

There he met other rich men who were annoyed by income taxes and who looked longingly at the Bahamas, the "taxpayers' heaven." Harry Oakes took decisive action. As an American citizen he was liable for income taxes wherever he lived, so he quit being an American citizen and pledged allegiance to Canada.

Oakes selected Nassau as his center of operations in the Bahamas and began improving its physical appearance. He spent some \$2,000,000 in the purchase and renovation of the British Colonial Hotel; bought the Bahamas Golf Club and raised a magnificent annex; and used another million to buy most of San Salvador Island, where Columbus made his first landing.

The Duke of Windsor, former King of England, became a close acquaintance.

Harry Oakes gave an estimated \$2,000,000 to London hospitals. Such a gift brought its re-

Illustrated by MATT CLARK



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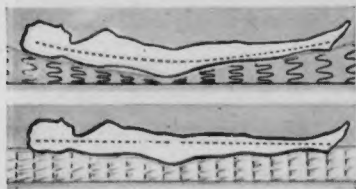
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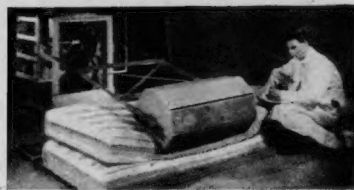
And just what makes this Beautyrest so much more comfortable than ordinary mattresses? Inside it are 837 individually pocketed coil springs. 837 of them—and each spring acts on its own, moulding itself to every curve of your body...giving you more buoyant, more natural support! (See diagram above.)



2. Compare! Above, see how an ordinary inner-spring mattress can sag beneath you, make hollows that rob you of rest. But, below, see how Beautyrest—because it "gives" only in the right places—offers you firmer, more natural support as you sleep!



3. Water-glass test reveals difference! Left, see how wired-together springs in ordinary mattresses go down together under pressure. But, right, see how Beautyrest's individually pocketed coil springs act on their own. No sagging together!



Prewar quality! In "torture tests" made in United States Testing Co., Inc. laboratory, Beautyrest lasted far longer than any other mattress tested. Guaranteed for ten years, Beautyrest costs you little more than 1¢ a night. What a value today!



Shopping hint: Get a new Beautyrest Box Spring when you get your new Beautyrest Mattress—and enjoy the most comfortable sleeping combination in the world! See your dealer today!

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Makers of the World's Only Electronic Blanket, Famous Deepsleep Mattress,
Ace Spring, Hide-A-Bed Sofa, Babybeauty Crib Mattress

HORMONES for Millions

By Warren Hall

THE DOCTOR took another look at the X-ray films and smiled cheerfully at the woman who lay in the hospital bed.

"I guess there's no doubt about it," he said. "You have cancer of the breast and it has spread to the bones. A year or so ago you might have been considered a hopeless case but now I think we can do a great deal for you. I'm going to prescribe male hormones."

The patient looked worried. "Aren't they awfully expensive, those hormones?"

"They were," the doctor said. "They're still not cheap but they cost a lot less now."

He was not exaggerating. Unless a druggist is charging an unreasonable profit, the male hormone in its most effective form (testosterone propionate) and the estrogenic female hormones (alpha-estradiol, et al) can be purchased today for approximately half as much as when The American Weekly and Attorney General Tom Clark began a price-reduction campaign less than a year ago.

At that time, Dr. Frank Adair, chief surgeon at Memorial Hospital in New York City, had just announced the hormone treatment for breast cancer, which is only one of the new uses constantly being discovered for the potent substances which normally are secreted into the blood by the endocrine glands.

Because the four companies which manufacture testosterone propionate were still clinging to prices established when the process was controlled by a pre-war European cartel, the amount needed for effective treatment of breast cancer was listed to the druggist at from \$195 to \$225 and he added his profit. Today a druggist or doctor can get the same amount for \$100.

Several factors entered into this huge drop in the cost of substances which might affect the health and well-being of a tremendous percentage of American men and women, but probably the most important was the firm stand taken by the Attorney General when he was informed by The American Weekly that hormones were unavailable to millions because they still reflected the price-fixing policies maintained before the United States Government smashed the cartel at the outset of the war.

Clark announced he would start an investigation immediately, beginning with the Schering Corporation of New Jersey. Schering was one of four American offshoots of the European cartel which, through cross-licensing agreements, had exclusive rights to the manufacture of testosterone propionate, alpha-estradiol, and the third of the three important sex hormones, progesterone, which is invaluable in preventing miscarriages.

Schering and Rare Chemicals, which had German parentage, were seized early in 1942 by the Alien Property Custodian, but the other two, Ciba and Roche-Organon, which were subsidiaries of Swiss and Dutch firms, were unmoled. Rare Chemicals was sold to a New Jersey corporation but Schering was thrust into the reluctant hands of the At-

torney General when he took over the Alien Property Custodian's duties in the fall of 1946.

While Clark was still receiving reports from the president of Schering on his reasons for maintaining the same prices as the other three, Ciba suddenly cracked the stratospheric price levels by announcing a 20 per cent reduction in all sex hormone items except progesterone. Schering, Rare Chemicals and Roche-Organon immediately followed, as they did a couple of months ago when an additional 35 per cent drop went into effect.

The progesterone price remained unchanged, probably because all parties concerned were awaiting the outcome of a suit in which Schering charges the Glidden Paint Company with infringement of its patents on the synthesis of progesterone. Schering makes progesterone from cholesterol, a crystalline alcohol it obtains from the spines of cattle. Glidden's brilliant Negro research director, Dr. Perry L. Julian, has found a way to produce cholesterol from soybeans.

The suit, which may split the progesterone market wide open, is due for a rehearing in January in Federal Court in Chicago, but both sides assured the court that a settlement would be reached before then.

Illustrated by KARL GODWIN



By His Firm Stand Against High Prices of Hormones, Attorney General Tom Clark Has Made Health and Comfort Available to Millions.

commercially before the year's end.

At a recent meeting of the American Chemical Society in New York City, Dr. Maximilian Ehrenstein of the University of Pennsylvania School of Medicine described a new female hormone called anhydrophydroxyprogesterone prepared from cholesterol and which, unlike its predecessor, can be taken orally.

Even more startling was the announcement by Dr. Carl Miescher of Basle, Switzerland, of a synthesized female hormone he calls bis-dehydrodolsynolic acid, which already is being prepared in large quantities in Europe from simple and cheap chemicals. It is so potent, according to his report, that one twenty-millionth of a gram produces striking results in experiments.

With sex hormone prices already in the price range of three times as many people as a year ago and additional reductions probable now that the pattern has been set, millions of Americans can anticipate increased chances against disease, the successful accomplishment of parenthood and comfort during the difficult transition associated with advancing age.

Although the Attorney General believes that Schering Corporation should be in private hands, there is little likelihood that a sale can be effected by the first of the year. A suit now pending before the United States Supreme Court might establish a precedent permitting a transfer of the stock despite a claim by the Swiss Bank Corporation that the seizure was unjustified, but no decision is expected before the end of the present term. If the decision is adverse, Clark intends to ask Congress to authorize a sale without further litigation.

While the courts ponder the legal issues involved, researchers have been busy with discoveries which might change the entire sex-hormone picture.

The American Chemical Paint Company, having found a potential yield of 20 per cent cholesterol in the fatty substance called "yolk" which is washed from sheep's fleece by woolen mills, is erecting a plant at Ambler, Pa., to produce cholesterol

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ENRICHED
Quaker CORN MEAL
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\$4,000,000 MIRAGE

**Sad Disillusionment of Charlayne Gellatly,
One of Those Trusting Souls Who
Believed the Promise, "I'll Re-
member You in My Will"**

**Gellatly's Wooling
Was Dignified But
Assiduous and They
Chatted Long Hours
Over His Proudest
Possession—His Art
Collection.**

By Fletcher Knebel

WHEN John Gellatly met the beautiful widow who was 42 years his junior, he was eccentric enough to be "wearing" poly-chrome berets, flowing black ties, white corduroy pants, salmon pink shirts and red velvet jackets, but he was smart enough to have acquired a multimillion-dollar fortune.

He also was vain enough to convert his entire holdings into a fabulous art collection which he gave to the government to become his memorial, and shrewd enough to conceal his consequent poverty from the widow before he married her.

When he died a year after the marriage, his estate consisted of his clothing, a few books, an old umbrella, an empty suitcase and \$76 in the bank. Claiming she was defrauded, Mrs. Charlayne Whiteley Plummer Gellatly has been trying vainly for 16 years to retrieve the collection from Smithsonian Institution, recipient of the pre-nuptial gift. Now she has begun a new battle to gain the \$4,000,000 prize that she once thought would come inevitably into her hands.

Thus she became another disappointed legatee presumptive, forced to share the general skepticism over expectations based on the time-worn promise "I'll remember you in my will."

Gellatly's curious six-year December and May courtship began in 1925. He was 72, a dignified old gentleman whose carefully groomed white moustache and rocco garb were familiar to art dealers throughout metropolitan New York. His \$1,000,000 home in mid-Manhattan housed a distinguished and growing art collection. He owned numerous valuable parcels of New York real estate and thousands of dollars in gilt-edged securities.

Charlayne, an attractive widow of

39 with an invalid daughter, came from a family which had been prominent for decades in the national capital. After the death of her first husband, she had supported herself and her daughter as a radio script writer in New York and Philadelphia.

Gellatly's wooling was dignified but assiduous. She visited his exquisitely furnished home many times and they chatted long hours over his proudest possession—his art collection.

In 1928, without so much as a whisper to Charlayne, Gellatly began to liquidate his enormous holdings and plunged into a feverish round of art purchases. He bought oils by Whistler and Sargent, masterpieces by Rubens and Van Dyck, 15th century French sculpture, Persian bridal mirrors, jeweled Italian pendants of the 16th century, the finest works of the greatest artisans down through the ages.

His assistant in these deals was his \$125-a-month English butler, Ralph Seymour, who later became a man of mystery in the prolonged court battles over Gellatly's estate.

Finally, in 1929, having stripped himself of everything but a \$3,700 annuity, Gellatly offered his 1600 treasures to the government-owned Smithsonian Institution with a few stipulations, the major one being the employment of Seymour as curator at \$3,200 a year. A special enabling act of Congress was passed and

signed by President Hoover, and the bargain finally was sealed in June of that year.

To live within his drastically restricted means, Gellatly moved with his butler into a small hotel room, but his ardor for Charlayne was undiminished and on Sept. 2, 1930, he wrote her a now famous letter, proposing marriage and declaring:

"In order to have sufficient income to maintain a position in the world worthy of my wonderful wife-to-be, I have increased my income."

Charlayne accepted, and they were married three weeks later in Bel Air, Md. Returning to New York, the new Mrs. Gellatly busied herself finding a place for them to live. With a degree of pride in her thriftiness, she located a Park Avenue apartment at \$250 a month, certainly a modest sum for the purse of a millionaire.

Then her disillusionment began. Gellatly announced bluntly that he couldn't afford such an expensive

place. Slowly, bit by bit, the amazed bride learned that she had married a man whose "wealth" consisted solely of a small annuity, hardly sufficient for himself.

She accused him of trickery, but the bridegroom shrugged it off, insisting that she knew very well he had put his fortune into art. They separated, Gellatly returned to live with his butler in the small hotel room, but the blasted romance apparently affected him deeply.

A year later he was found dead in the hotel room. Check stubs showed that the man who had been a footcataler most of his life had begun to buy quantities of whiskey three weeks before his death.

The widow discovered that not only had her heritage shrunk to a mere \$76, but that the estate was faced with federal claims for \$75.22 in income taxes, plus New York State taxes and numerous unpaid bills. Nevertheless she borrowed money from her sister to pay for the removal of her husband's body to Washington and for the funeral expenses, which included burial in the city's Congressional Cemetery.

The intervening years have been filled with legal wrangling over title to the collection, which is housed in the venerable Natural History building of Smithsonian Institution, familiar to thousands of tourists in the nation's capital.

Several months ago Judge Marvin

Jones of the U. S. Court of Claims ruled that the government's claim to the art works was valid, although he admitted that Gellatly permitted Charlayne to "believe that he was a man of means."

"The problems of this life," said Judge Jones, "are complicated by the lack of frankness on the part of people who deal with each other."

"Apparently," added the bachelor jurist, "the realm of matrimony is no exception to this rule."

But Mrs. Gellatly was not to be denied. Through her Washington attorney, Stanley Suydam, she shifted her attack. This time Alexander Wetmore, secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, is being sued personally for alleged illegal possession of what she considers her inheritance.

If the past can be considered an augur of the future, this suit also will drag on for years while the spirit of old John Gellatly basks in the glory of his memorial.

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY 11

BACKSTOPPING *Cupid*



One Man Brought
Along His
Sweetheart as Well
as His Wife. "Please
Help Us Out of Our
Mess," the Husband
Pleaded With
John M. Ackerly, the
Reconciling Cop.

By Paul I. Murphy

ONE day, more than 25 years ago, Mayor Edward Quinn of Cambridge, Mass., called Police Officer John M. Ackerly to his office. "John," said the Mayor, "Cambridge is setting up a Domestic Relations Department at police headquarters, and you're elected to beat some sense into the heads of our squabbling couples, especially those with young children."

Since that day John Ackerly—the Reconciling Cop—has traveled thousands of miles and spent \$350,000 of Cambridge funds in his efforts to reunite estranged couples and remake broken homes.

The domestic relations officer, who has been happily married and a father for more than 35 years, has poked his nose into thousands of marital conflicts, and has salvaged hundreds of marriages.

The crusade has won for Cambridge the distinction of having fewer divorces than any other New England city of more than 100,000 population.

Officer Ackerly sometimes uses unorthodox tactics in tracking down, and reconciling couples. For example, he began one of his most successful cases after reading a classified ad by a young Cambridge mother seeking employment.

"What a shame," thought Ackerly. He knew the girl and her ex-G.I. husband had been separated for more than a year.

He paid an unexpected visit to her home. She was defiant and indignant at his intrusion. "I never want to see him again," the embittered mother exclaimed, "so why should you ask me a lot of questions about something that's all over?"

Ackerly assured the girl that he had her best interests at heart and persuaded her to talk.

"Well, we were both in service when we met," she said. "We were terribly in love when we

married. After the war, we came to live with my father and mother.

"Mother treated us like children. She nagged Bill and argued with me. Finally Bill couldn't stand it any longer. He demanded that we leave, or he would walk out. Our baby was only a month old, and I was afraid to be without mother. So Bill did leave.

"I began drinking heavily. One night Bill saw me in a tavern drunk. That was the end."

Ackerly got the young woman a job, set her up in an apartment away from her parents, and began a seven-week manhunt for Bill. He located him in Chicago and slapped down a warrant on the husband's desk. "I'm taking you back for non support," he said.

When they arrived in Cambridge he took Bill to his wife's apartment. "I want you both to try marriage again for a week," Ackerly said. "If it works out, I'll tear up this warrant. Otherwise, Bill will have to go to jail for non-support."

The couple accepted the challenge. A week later they helped the officer burn the warrant.

Unless his services are requested, Ackerly does not venture into marital mixups until he finds that a law has been broken. Then he uses his discretion in handling each case. Desertions, overdue alimony, and complaining wives and husbands provide him with more cases than he can handle.

One day a young mother pleaded with him to bring back her small son, whom her estranged husband had taken from their home.

"They are living in Philadelphia with my husband's parents," she told him. "He is planning to divorce me there. My lawyer says that the Pennsylvania law does not interfere with a parent who takes possession of his own child."

Ackerly went to Philadelphia. He arrested the husband for deserting his wife and brought him back to Cambridge before the divorce case came up in the Pennsylvania courts.

The policeman learned that the husband still loved his wife, but was insanely jealous of her employer, who, he thought, was in love with her. He persuaded the wife to give up her job and devote her time to their home and child. She agreed, and a successful reconciliation was effected.

Illustrated by GIL DARLING

Once Ackerly posted signs on all public buildings in the city urging couples whose homes were cracking up to consult with him. Three hundred dissatisfied husbands and wives showed up.

One man brought along his sweetheart as well as his wife. The officer learned that the husband and wife were still in love with each other, but that the wife had let herself go to seed by devoting her time to her home and children.

Ackerly advised the wife to visit the beauty parlor regularly and pay more attention to her appearance and personality. The wife followed this sound advice. Her husband lost his interest in the other woman and all three later agreed they were much happier when the mixup was settled.

Ackerly called on one couple, explaining that the neighbors were complaining about their constant bickering. Peggy, the wife, charged that Bob, her husband, was cruel and abusive. "He swears in front of our four-year-old son and strikes me whenever he's angry."

"She spends all my money and stints on my allowance," the husband shouted.

"This is no environment for a child," Ackerly said, "and unless this bickering stops, the city will have to take the boy away from you."

His strategy worked. The squabbling couple, alarmed at the prospect of losing their child, promised to behave like civilized adults.

The Reconciling Cop knows how to help elderly couples as well as newlyweds. There was the case of a husband and wife married more than 40 years, who had filed intentions for divorce.

"She's too bossy," the man told the officer.

"And he drinks too much," his wife retorted.

Ackerly soon figured out that they were bored with each other. He advised the man to send his aging spouse some flowers, to take her out to dinner and a show frequently. "Give your husband little surprises, once in a while and stop criticizing him," he advised the woman. "But above all, no more loud arguments—or I'll have to make an arrest."

The combination threat and psychology worked. The couple dropped their divorce proceedings.

Ackerly is 65 and facing retirement, so he recently increased his staff by several members so that Cambridge can keep up its remarkable record for salvaging tottering marriages.

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New Rinso is another fine product of Lever Brothers Company

By Ross DeLue

IF DIOGENES, the ancient Greek philosopher who reputedly went around with a lantern looking for an honest man, were alive today and extended his search to modern hotels, he would probably be more confused than ever.

That's because a multitude of good citizens who regard themselves as strictly honest are costing Americans' 15,000 hotels millions of dollars a year by filching a vast assortment of souvenirs.

Last year, the Statler chain alone "consumed" 904,000 pieces of linen, 82,000 pieces of chinaware, 1,153,000 pieces of glassware and 212,000 pieces of silverware.

"Consumption" to a hotel man means loss from all causes including breakage, wear and tear and theft. Officials of the chain don't estimate what percentage was filched.

However, last year, the Pennsylvania Hotel in New York, largest in the Statler chain, chalked up a \$120,000 loss in linens alone, all of it unaccounted for. Sheets, pillow cases and towels amounted to \$92,000 of the total that vanished.

There's nothing amusing to the nation's hotel men about the "light-fingered" guest who checks out with a pair of the hotel's best percale sheets (at \$34 a dozen), or a silver-plated coffee pot that cost \$35 before the war and can't be replaced for less than \$50 or \$35 today.

They admit they're puzzled by the antics of the "souvenir" hunter and point out that the same man who casually walks off with a hotel towel

DROP THAT Souvenir!

Illustrated by LEE CONREY



Of 100 Silver-Plated Coffee Pots Bearing a Famous Hotel's Crest, Only 60 Remained After Three Weeks—the Rest Had Been Stolen by Souvenir-Hunters.

wouldn't think of removing a guest towel from the home of a friend.

An interesting angle on the question is supplied by Dr. Donald A. Laird, internationally known psychologist, who states:

"Many guests take 'souvenirs,' not from a kleptomaniacal impulse, but for retaliation. They feel they are being charged too much and so they steal a few mementos to even things."

According to Leo A. Maloney, manager of the Hotel New Yorker, towels are the most frequently stolen item, but the guest doesn't realize he's stealing them.

"He may have a pair of shoes," Maloney explained, "that he wants to pack and he doesn't want to get the shirts in his bag dirty so he wraps them in a towel and then forgets to mail it back to us."

Recently an old linen towel was returned to the Willard Hotel in Washington. From the label, "Walsh and Willard," hotel officials believe it was taken 20 or more years ago.

A prominent New York hotel executive pointed out that losses from souvenir hunters rose as a result of wartime shortages.

"Throughout the country," he said, "hotels lost incredible amounts of soap, linens and table silver, all hard to buy at the time."

The manager of one of the country's leading hotels placed honey-mongers away the worst offenders.

During the war most hotels stored their good silverware and replaced it for the duration with stainless steel or inexpensive plated service.

A few months ago a large New York hotel "returned to service" 100 silver-plated coffee pots bearing the house crest. The chief steward was ordered to inventory them each morning as a precaution. Yet within a week 17 had disappeared and three weeks later only 60 remained.

Probably the biggest single theft by a "souvenir hunter" at the Pennsylvania occurred in 1921 when a \$20,000 tapestry hanging in a hall leading to the main dining room vanished.

The loss was discovered by E. M. Statler, founder of the chain, who finally decided it was rolled up and passed out of a window to an accomplice. It was never recovered.

Hotels do not take this wholesale theft lying down. The Inter-Hotel Protection Bureau, headed by Walter E. Clancy with headquarters in New York City, acts as a clearing house for information on serious offenders.

When a hotel larcenist is definitely identified and is considered an incorrigible repeater, his name is filed with the bureau, which passes it on to hotels throughout the country.

Because knives, forks and spoons are eagerly sought-after, waiters assigned to banquets are cautioned to count every piece of silver when clearing tables. At one large banquet, the hotel management interrupted the affair to announce that service would not be resumed until the demitasse spoons, which had been on the tables, were replaced. Within five minutes they were back.

Hotel men agree that the "collector" generally displays good taste. Elaborately monogrammed linens and good silverware are hard to keep in service.

Even shower curtains aren't immune, as one large metropolitan hotel found to its sorrow. It had installed an attractive plastic shower curtain in place of the usual white linen. One day after a regular patron of the hotel checked out it was found that the shower curtain was gone.

The hotel sent him a bill for \$9. and received no reply. They followed up with two more and finally got a letter from the guest in which he complained he hadn't ordered a shower curtain from the hotel. He has never been back.

Holidays, such as New Year's Eve, are particularly trying.

A cross-section of hotel men poll indicated that it is only on rare occasions that a guest will seek out the manager and ask if it isn't possible to buy some articles belonging to the hotel which he wants.

It seems one article never stolen from a hotel room is one supplied by an outside source—the Bible placed in each room by the Gideon Society.

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to fit your smaller hand

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A razor designed just for you... your softer, finer hair... your more delicate skin... your daintier feminine needs.

Weighing less than one-fifth of an ounce, it is ten times lighter than the average men's razor... with a blade large enough to shave a wide area with each stroke, yet small enough

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Yes, you'll be delightfully surprised at the efficient way Kewtie removes unwanted hair. You'll thrill at its easy handling, its tiny size, and beautiful plastic case.

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Your own personal razor at last. You'll treasure Kewtie as one of your most exquisite and useful toilet accessories.

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KEWTIE Blades... double-edge... in clear plastic blade-box... 10 for 50¢
All Kewtie Razors are identical in construction except for color and finish

a lapin product

YELLOW KID WEIL'S

By Dan Parker

"WHAT, you here again?" roared a judge in Chicago police court a few months ago when a dapper 70-year-old man faced him before the bar of justice. "What is it this time, Mr. Yellow Kid?"

"Why, Judge?" replied the old gentleman thus addressed, in a tone full of reproach. "I'm here as the complainant!"

Joseph Weil, known in police and con man circles as The Yellow Kid, had indeed made his police court debut as a complaining witness after countless brushes with the law as a defendant.

His landlady, Mrs. Lila Mackeone, manager of the Commodore Apartments, had been brought before the court on charges of malicious mischief and disorderly conduct.

Weil had accused her of breaking into his apartment and scattering his belongings.

Denning, with pride, Weil, one of America's most notorious confidence men, said: "This is the

happiest day of my life. I've always wanted to know how it felt to be a complainant. Now I can die in peace."

In recent years, the Yellow Kid has been playing the side of the street opposite the one that won him his world-wide notoriety. He has written a book in which he points out the old moral that crime doesn't pay.

"I'm trying to teach the suckers that they can't beat the hoppers," he explained to the court.

The Yellow Kid was selling the gold-dredging rights in the Chicago River at the turn of the century. Since then he has kindly relieved an untold number of suckers who wanted something for nothing of a sum estimated at \$5,000,000.

Most of this was contributed by horse players whom the Yellow Kid found to be the most gullible easy marks of all.

Some say it was he who invented the Pay Off Swindle. If he didn't discover it, at any rate he perfected it and worked it countless times on avaricious horse players. But such a consummate artist at his profession was the Yellow Kid that he had to have variety.

One day in the early 1900s, he was drinking in Bathhouse John Coughlin's Randolph Street bar in Chicago with a select circle of felons.

At that moment, in walked a well-groomed man whom every grifter in the joint recognized immediately as Jim Busby, a millionaire showman noted for his gambling tendencies.

Before anyone else could make a pitch to Busby, the Yellow Kid was at his side, discussing



Gullible August Thought He Had Been Given the Frankfurter Concession Until He Arrived at the Race Track and Started to Set Himself Up in Business.

TAKING WAYS

the horse races. Busby obviously was fascinated by the young man's line of guff. Soon the two left together and headed for the electrical shop of Moffatt and Co.

Arrived there, the Yellow Kid called the proprietor aside and introduced Busby as a gentleman who was interested in buying the wire-tapping machine he had invented.

Moffatt, with a great show of secrecy, led the two into the back room and uncovered a peculiar looking contraption full of wires, bulbs, switches and other electrical gadgets.

"It's the last one I have left and you can have it for \$12,800 so long as Mr. Weil here vouches for you. You'll have to hire an electrician to make the tap for you, of course, and a telegraph operator to take down the intercepted messages."

BUSBY paid cash and left it to Weil to hire the electrician and telegrapher. From his staff of apprentice con men, the Yellow Kid could fill any such manpower order in the time it took to phone Bathhouse John's Bucket of Blood.

"The best place to wire it is out beyond Willow Springs," suggested the Kid. So, with the telegrapher and electrician (neither of whom knew a watt from a short circuit), the plotters drove out to the appointed spot in a horse and buggy.

Donning a pair of pole climbers, the phony electrician made a bluff at connecting two wires extending from the wire tapping machine to an insulator at the top of the pole.

Of course, no messages were intercepted—but that didn't prevent the pseudo telegrapher from copying down gibberish of his own invention.

This satisfied Busby that the tap had been effected and he and the Yellow Kid hustled off to Chicago to get a bet down at their favorite poolroom.

The operator was to stay behind with the tapping machine, intercept the winner of the fourth race and, before sending the results to the poolrooms on the wire circuit, to flash the winner's name in some innocuous sounding piece of in-

formation about the horses' behavior at the post.

When they arrived at the poolroom, the Yellow Kid was able to slip away from Busby long enough to give the operator on duty there a \$50 bill and ask him to mention any horse in the race as acting up at the post, before giving the results.

The agreeable key-pounder made his instrument tick off a message, then announced: "Jerry Hunt is acting up at the barrier."

Busby went to the betting window immediately and put \$10,000 on Jerry Hunt's nose.

Then the race got under way and the operator began making his real call. You could have knocked over the Yellow Kid with one whiff of perfume when Jerry Hunt won, paying 2 to 1.

The Yellow Kid collected \$12,000 as his share of the wire-tapping machine deal (the confederate who operated the store keeping \$800).

Then Weil ducked out for Hot Springs to recover from the shock of having outsmarted himself, and given a sucker an even break.

The showman didn't catch up with the Yellow Kid again until years later.

By this time he had heard all about Weil and knew he himself had been marked for slaughter, financially, by the king of the con men, but couldn't understand why he hadn't been taken over. Weil explained everything frankly.

"When that damned nag the operator pulled out of the air won the race it upset all my plans," he said. "I'm a fast set and I decided you weren't meant to be ahead."

The showman, who was an admirer of outstanding talent in whatever field he encountered it, put the Yellow Kid on the pass list to his theatres and remained his friend for life, immune from Weil's wiles, because the Kid's peculiar code of ethics wouldn't permit him to go back after a victim for whom Lady Luck had intervened.

After tiring of the wire-tapping machine, Weil had fake credentials for the American Turf Association printed, including season passes, and, representing himself as a purchasing agent for the A. T. A., sought out the president of a big olive oil importing house.

"My organization has found out that olive oil is the best agent for rubbing down thoroughbreds," he explained. "To begin with, I'll give you an order for five carloads and if it works out, we'll be able to take your entire supply after a while."

The olive oil man, adopting his most unctuous manner, asked Weil if there wasn't something he could do in return for this order.

"Tut, tut," warned the Yellow Kid. "I won't hear a word of it! As a matter of fact, I feel so indebted to you for being able to fill this thing that I think I owe you something."

"Maybe I could get you onto a good thing at the track. You know (and here he prodded the oil man playfully in the ribs and winked) in this job I'm in a position to intercept many a good thing."

"Oh, could you give me a winner, really?" asked the oil man.

"Furnishing oil is your business; furnishing winners is mine," said the Kid. "Unfortunately, I don't have any information at the moment but I'm going to the track this afternoon and if you care to leave things up to my judgment, I'm sure I can turn a good afternoon's profit for you."

"Would you?" asked the oil man eagerly. "Is \$3,000 enough?"

The Kid agreed that, in order not to scare the books off at the outset, it would be best to limit the initial investment to \$3,000, which he obligingly accepted.

"Take this pass and meet me in the clubhouse after the fifth race," said the Yellow Kid. And then he passed out of the olive oil man's life forever.

When the poor sucker checked up with the American Turf Association officials about the five-carload order of olive oil for rubbing down the horses, he was laughed off the turf.

A gourmet, the Kid patronized the best restaurants. One of his favorites was a German eating place operated by August Kleinhans.

The Kid liked August's wiener-braten and paprika schnitzel a la Holstein and didn't think there was anything wrong with his kartoffel pianenkuchen, either.

As for der lieber August, ach! He couldn't keep his eyes off The Kid's diamond horseshoe scarfin.

One day Weil took the naive August out to the race track.

The hot dog stands fascinated the German and when he found out that they got "15 cents apiece, for every wiener, by gollyes," he could hardly contain himself.

"I wish I owned that stand!" said August, as he watched the crowds battling for the privilege of

buying one with the pickle in the middle and the mustard on top.

"Buy it?" asked the Kid, amazed. "You'll do nothing of the kind. If you want the hot dog stand, I'll get it for you free."

"Oh, Mr. Weil, you are so kind to me!" gurgled August, delighted.

"Come on up to the racing secretary's office with me and I'll have my friend turn it over to you free."

Weil took August to the secretary's office, knowing as Kleinhans didn't, that this office is always open for anyone who wants to visit it for information or to file a complaint.

SEATED at a desk was William J. Winterhill, one of the Kid's confederates. Weil introduced him to Kleinhans as Sheridan Clark, who was the real secretary of the track.

The spurious Clark suggested that they adjourn to the bar, his object being to get out of the office before the real Clark returned.

At the bar, Weil told the man posing as the secretary of Kleinhans's desire to operate the hot dog stands at the track.

"Mr. Weil, I've told you a hundred times you had but to name the favor and it would be yours," replied Winterhill with mock gratitude ringing from his voice. "I shall never forget the \$10,000 bet you made for me on the 10 to 1 shot when I needed the money to save the association from folding up."

August's eyes popped out.

"Your good friend here may take over next Monday morning," continued Winterhill.

While waiting for Monday to arrive, Kleinhans entrusted \$5,000 to the Yellow Kid to bet on a sure thing for him.

The Yellow Kid didn't show up by Monday morning so Kleinhans loaded several trucks with his fine German sausages and frankfurters and set off for the track to take over.

He had torn down the old signs and was nailing up new ones when the concessionaire arrived and challenged him.

"I'm sorry I got to do this," said August. "It hurts me more than it does you already."

It took half the race track staff to convince August he had been conned twice, and the other half to throw him and his helpers out.

The Yellow Kid had a stable in which he had losers only. Black Fonso was his pet. The nag ran impressive workouts when a sucker was allowed to watch but when the victim had placed his wager with a confederate of Weil's, who posed as a betting commissioner, Black Fonso always lost his race. Of course, the money was never placed with a real book.

There was no limit to the Kid's ingenuity and nothing pleased him more than to be able to take the same sucker in a half dozen different ways.

One fellow handed over \$2,000 to the Kid to help him develop his "electric whip" for jockeys—a sure-fire speed inducer.

The same trusting yokel also contributed to the cost of research work on the electric saddle, another means of waking up a stiff that never got beyond the blue print stage since that served the purpose of separating the fool and his money.

Another trusting client gave Weil \$500 to have the track watered sufficiently so that it would be suitable for a mudder.

More times than he can remember, The Kid posed as a jockey in a fixed race and collected sums ranging from \$3,000 to \$30,000 for putting in the old gimmick—as the suckers thought.

Once, desiring a spot of travel for his tired nerves, the Kid went to a prominent architect named Morris, represented himself as an official of the American Turf Association and said he had been commissioned to engage a landscape artist to beautify all American tracks.

It would be necessary to make a tour of the tracks first, he explained to Mr. Morris, who promptly packed his bags and set out on the journey.

"Keep a record of our expenses and turn them in with your bill," said the Kid, ordering another bottle of champagne in the clubhouse at the first track they visited. "And by the way, we of the turf are partial to Cedars of Lebanon. Make sure that your plans call for plenty of them—with an English yew here and there for contrast."

It was a great trip. The architect never had so much fun in his life. He spared not the swindle sheet or the Cedars of Lebanon. Back in Chicago finally, they drew up a contract and the architect congratulated himself as the smartest guy outside Westminster Abbey when Mr. Weil agreed to his figure without quibbling.

"RACING people do things in a big way," said Weil. "I like to do things in a big way, too, Mr. Morris."

The exact shade of meaning Mr. Morris didn't grasp until Weil failed to return with the \$3,000 he had entrusted to him to wager on a sure thing.

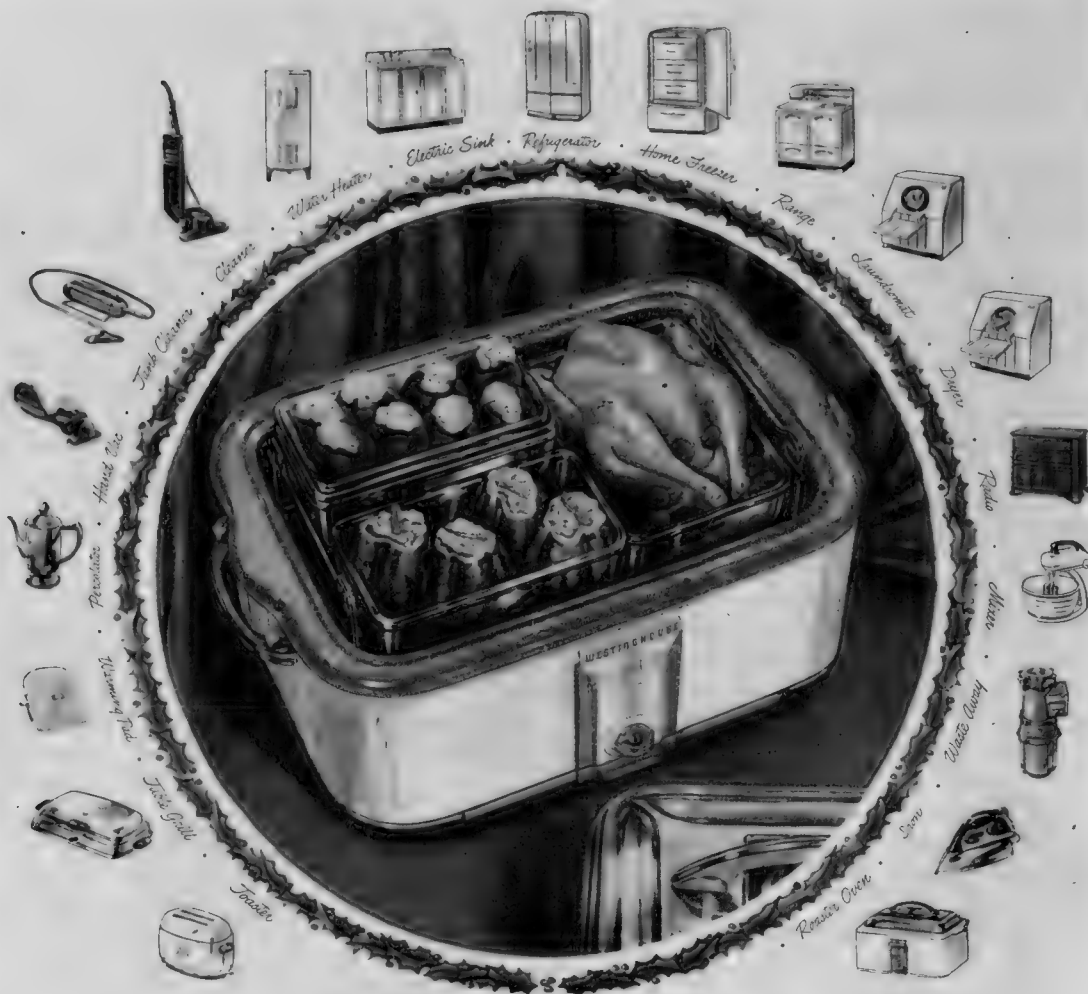
The police nabbed Fred (The Deacon) Buckminster, Weil's confederate in this bunco game, but the Yellow Kid eluded them.

The five million dollars that the Yellow Kid made, cashing in on other people's desire to get something for nothing, slipped through his fingers like he usually slipped through those of the police.

Thus he grew old without losing his pride or dignity and so could feel insulted when the judge, whom he faced in Chicago police court recently as a plaintiff, mistook him for the accused.



Illustrated by ARTHUR GROSS



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THOSE TRADING *Dalys*



By Booton Herndon

THEY said of the late Marcus Daly, first of the copper barons, that he was the greatest trader of his day.

The Montana mining magnate traded in wheat and he traded in stocks, and he made and kept millions. But he never got around to trading in wives. It took the third generation to do that—Marcus Daly III recently traded wives with his best friend.

It was done legally, too, with both couples appearing together before a Montana judge and getting divorces on identical charges of cruelty and, a few moments later, getting married all over again, but not to each other. Friends of the quartet created young Daly with engineering the deal. The blood of Trader Daly, they said, runs through his veins.

Daly and his wife, the former Janet Elizabeth McKellar, made up a popular campus foursome with Harold J. Clark and his wife at the University of Montana. Exactly when each decided to make the switch even the participants can't seem to remember—but all four appear happy with the results.

"There is nothing startling about our double divorce and double marriage," Clark explained, without using the word trade. "It was merely a legal readjustment of two mismatched couples."

No mismatching was apparent eight years ago when the marriage of Marcus Daly III and Janet Elizabeth McKellar, of a socially prominent Santa Barbara, California, family, got off to a brilliant start. They were married at All Saints Episcopal Church in Montecito, a fashionable suburb of Santa Barbara.

The wedding seemed to be a happy mixture of social standing, wealth and romance. Daly was only 18 at the time, but the wedding was apparently enthusiastically sanctioned by his family. Mrs. Marcus Daly, widow of the prosperous old trader, went from New York to attend the ceremony, as did the bridegroom's great-aunts, Mrs. J. Ross Clark and Mrs. Joseph Lewis.

No matter how great a splurge the events caused on the society pages, a Santa Barbara boy named Clark showed no great interest. He had just wed Florice Thomas, daughter

of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Thomas of Thousand Oaks, California. Clark had known Janet McKellar before her marriage, but her husband was just a casual acquaintance.

After their honeymoon, the Dalys settled on the family's Bitter Root Ranch near Hamilton, Montana where Grandfather Daly had bred and traded—the race horses which made him as famous at Saratoga as in Wall Street and Buffalo.

After the war, Clark hung up his lieutenant's uniform and went back to school, to finish preparing himself for the bar. He picked the University of Montana.

That was how the Clarks and the Dalys renewed their acquaintanceship for the Dalys decided to go to college, too. The foursome was frequently seen about the campus. They seemed to be the best of friends.

Clark says that the four still wonder how they reached the decision to be jointly divorced and remarried and still remain the best of friends. "I can say this, though," Clark added. "We think a lot of each other and we plan to visit back and forth."

No matter how it happened, the trade went off smoothly. Both couples were divorced by District Judge C. E. Comer in Missoula, at the same time. "Cruelty" was the reason given in both cases. A few minutes later the second phase of the trade was made legal by Justice of the Peace Ralph L. Starr, in a double wedding ceremony.

Then the reshuffled couples began the first lap of their honeymoon together, driving to the Daly home. Mrs. Clark, the ex-Mrs. Daly, moved out, and Mrs. Daly, the ex-Mrs. Clark, moved in. The Clarks then went on to California, where they had all started eight years before, and the Dalys left for an undisclosed honeymoon destination.

The plans, incidentally, don't call for a joint return to college. The Dalys expect to continue at the University of Montana, but Clark announced he was going to switch his studies to Southern California. They'd still be good friends, he said, even though their residences would be far apart.

"I'm sure all four of us will be very happy under the new arrangement," Clark said, thereby indicating that the trading technique of old Marcus Daly has been improved by his namesake grandson.

Marcus Daly the First didn't always leave the persons with whom he traded contented and happy. Anyone as successful in so many financial deals couldn't help but have an enemy here or there. He knew when to sell, and when to hold, and it was seldom that his judgment was bad.

He seemed to be satisfied with the wife he had, too, and she bore him successful children. One of his daughters became Mrs. James W. Gerard, wife of the former United States Ambassador to Germany, and another became the Countess Sigray of Budapest.

His only son, Marcus Daly II, married Eleonore Herrensreich Young, a native of Austria and a dashing figure in New York cafe society. Her first husband was W. Harry Young. When Daly II died in 1930 she found herself sharing a \$12,000,000 trust fund with her son.

While the son inherited his trading ability, along with \$6,000,000, from the Daly side of the family, his mother may have passed on to him an aversion to remaining long with one spouse. After she was widowed, she was married again four times—twice to the same man—and further complicated the record with three divorces and one annulment.

Old Marcus the First Would Trade Most Anything, but Marcus Daly III Even Swapped Wives With His Best Friend.

The Luck of GEORGE WHITE

By George White

★ Illustrated by NORMAN MINGO ★

THE Judge walked up to me and said "Well, Mr. White, how are you getting along?"

I took inventory before I answered. I looked at the frayed sleeves of my faded shirt and the baggy overalls I had on in place of the custom-made shirts and the tailored suits I was wearing a few months before.

I looked down at the dusty, broken shoes taking the place of the patent leather dancing slippers that had been my personal trademark, along with a \$25,000 imported limousine.

I jingled my personal fortune—the county of San Diego, California, was paying me 35 cents a day for tending a flock of sheep—and remembered the fateful afternoon I'd won \$300,000 on a single horse race.

I remember evenings strolling down Broadway with one of the beautiful Dolly Sisters on my arm, or other evenings when my companion was vivacious Ann Pennington of the dimpled knees or Helen Morgan of the tragic beauty and the sultry voice.

I looked down at my current companion on the county jail farm.

Mike barked and wagged his tail. I winked at him and I was smiling when I turned to answer the Judge's question.

"I'M DOING fine," I said. "And I want to thank you. I didn't realize it at the time but you handed me a couple of million dollars by sending me here."

What I meant was that with time on my hands, eight months of it, I had gotten a new grip on myself.

I had worked out ideas for a new George White's Scandals which, I'm convinced, is going to be another smash hit.

I smiled for two reasons when I finished my sentence last May.

I would see the old name in lights on Broadway, again.

"Well, George always was lucky."

"Lucky? Maybe. I've had lots of luck, good and bad. It seemed all bad on the nightmare evening of July 20, 1946."

The George White who had made four millions of dollars and dozens of stars on Broadway had just come through bankruptcy with liabilities of more than \$100,000 and assets of \$500. In clothing.

The \$25,000 automobile was gathered dust and rust in a New York garage because I couldn't afford the gasoline it liked to puzzle.

That July evening a friend had lent me his car and I was driving from Hollywood to Tijuana, Mexico.

I must have spent some of the time dozing behind the wheel because at San Diego a policeman awakened me and said I'd had an accident, which was news to me.

We went back 10 miles and found two persons fatally injured. I pleaded guilty to hit-run charges after a coroner's jury had decided I was not criminally negligent and served a year in jail and on the farm, with time off for good behavior.

IF WAS the first time I had been in that kind of trouble, jail trouble, and there was a temptation after the first shock to quit—to let things slide and ride along with the tide.

But it's not an easy thing to quit fighting, especially after you've been fighting all your life, like I've done.

You had to fight where I had spent my boyhood in New York's East Side and the Bowery. That is, you had to fight if you wanted to stay alive, and eat regularly.

I wanted to do both.

You got knocked down plenty of times, but you got up again—if you figured on surviving.

I learned how to use my fists, and my feet, early in life. After I grew up, the fists got a vacation but the feet worked harder than ever.

Encased in patent leather dancing slippers the feet finally turned out to be flashing beacons, leading the way to fame and fortune for such stars as Ann Pennington, the Dolly Sisters, Helen Morgan, W. C. Fields and plenty of others.

I was my own dancing master; my accompaniment was the harmonica I played myself, and my audience was a gang of other street urchins when I started dancing.

That was in between chores as telegraph messenger boy. I worked nights and I worked in the toughest districts in New York.

One night I got a message to deliver to Piggy Donovan. He owned a saloon and dance hall on Canal Street and it was after midnight when I approached his place.

Did I say I "approached?" I ran, because it



"San Diego Was Paying Me 35 Cents a Day for Tending a Flock of Sheep, but With Time on My Hands I Worked Out a New George White's Scandals, Which, I'm Convinced, Is Going to Be Another Smash Hit."

was dark and I was young and scared. When I got inside Piggy Donovan's, with its lights and music and safety, I didn't want to leave.

A lot of people had made a circle in the middle of the floor and were watching a little colored boy do a buck and wing dance. I joined the audience and watched the kid pick up nickels, dimes and quarters off the floor at the end of the dance.

A big man with big mustaches spun me around and said:

"What do you want, Kid?"

I showed him the name on the message.

"I'm Piggy Donovan," he said, and I gave him a quarter and said:

"Beat it, Kid. This is no place for you."

But I couldn't leave. I tugged at his sleeve and said:

"Does that kid work here?"

He looked at the boy, picking up the coins, and shook his head.

"No. He's a husker." Meaning a youngster who could sing or dance and visited saloons to perform for tips.

I tugged the sleeve again and the big man glared.

"LOOK," I said. "I can dance. Watch me."

So I tapped my badge of office, my messenger cap, to the back of my head and tapped out a step I knew, without accompaniment.

Piggy Donovan smiled.

"You're pretty good at that, Kid. Come with me."

He led me back to the piano player and said:

"Play this kid a buck."

I started tapping, kind of hesitant at first, and then it came over me that this was serious—this was liable to be my life's work and I'd have to prove I was good, right then and there.

It was an audition before a bunch of drunks and uptowners out slumming, but they could have been kings and queens—and producers, for all of me.

I gave the dance everything I had.

It must have been enough because, when I stopped, there was silence for a minute and then the coins started clanging and spinning on the floor.

I'd never seen so much money.

I fell on all fours and tried to scoop it all up at once.

The kid ran up and shoved me and I got ready to fight for the money but he grinned.

"You go into another dance," he whispered. "You're wasting time. I'll pick this up. Gimme your hat and I'll pass that, too."

So I continued dancing and my new partner passed the hat.

When I left Piggy Donovan's that night I had a cap full of silver. I stuffed it into my pockets and then I remembered I had some more telegrams to deliver.

Standing on the curb, I held the messages in my hand while I made a decision. Then I threw them into the street and headed for home, whistling.

I kept the cap and what I was wearing in the way of a uniform.

THAT was my costume to back up the billing I had figured out. The uniform constituted all the clothing I owned, too.

I launched my career in the entertainment world as Swifty White, the Messenger Boy Dancer.

My little friend and partner gave up dancing to — as a collector and agent for the new team, and Swifty White made the rounds of saloons, dance halls and deadfalls of New York's East Side, the Bowery and Chinatown.

Sometimes we had to fight to keep what I had earned, but we expected that and we were ready. It was a tough life but I was learning something every day, or rather every night. I was my own boss, for one thing, and it was a great feeling. I didn't need to have Lee Shubert tell me, as he did in later years.

You'll never be the possessor of important money working for somebody else."

That feeling and desire for independence stayed with me even when I was broke, which happened now and then.

One time I turned down an offer of \$3,500 a week because it meant working for somebody else. I was broke at the time, too.

To return to the career of Swifty White, the Messenger Boy Dancer:

My partner, who acted as agent and had passed, stayed with me for months and then we dissolved by mutual agreement. Any way, we went our separate ways and I hope he did all right.

I was a busy kid with a regular schedule. I didn't want to wear out my welcome in any one spot, so I'd dash from one saloon to another, tapping out tunes on the way.

One night in Mike's on Pell Street, I fell behind schedule.

When I arrived, all set to go into my dance, another kid had the floor.

He didn't look old enough or big enough to be a singing writer, but he was acting like one; he was dressed like one, too, even to the towel over his arm.

His eyes looked as big as his face, which was pale and thin, and I don't recall that his voice was anything spectacular, but the audience in Mike's seemed to like it—and him.

That night, maybe I didn't appreciate the kid his name was Irving Berlin. I was in a hurry to get on with my dance and catch up with my schedule.

If I had known then that this Irving Berlin was going to be one of the country's greatest songwriters and marry Ellen Mackay, the daughter of the man who ran my alma mater, the Postal Telegraph, I might have been more impressed. But I doubt it.

AFTER all, he was a competitor then. Years later, he was to be a collaborator, so to speak, writing some of his great hits for my shows, the George White Scandals. But there was a lot for each of us to do in the meantime.

About a year after I quit working for the company of Berlin's future father-in-law, I met Benny Ryan in the famous Steve Brodie saloon.

Benny was one of the greatest dancers I ever saw. I don't know whose idea it was, but the first thing we knew we were teamed up.

He was much taller than I was but that didn't make any difference. We had people looking at our feet instead of our heads.

We worked out a routine that went over big in the Swinging Door circuit and decided to quit the Bowery, for better or for worse.

It was worse, much worse financially, for quite a while. Our earnings through amateur nights in the burlesque theatres were discouragingly slim, but we were attracting more attention from more people, many of them sober.

Finally, the Big Chance came.

The team of Ryan & White was offered a regular job in a show called "Gay Morning Glories." The matter of salaries came up and I was delegated to do the talking for the firm.

"How much do the chorus girls get?" I asked. "Eighteen a week," the manager said. I must have nodded or made some motion of agreement because all at once we were engaged.

BENNY wasn't too happy at first, and neither was I. After all, we'd been making that much in a single night in the Bowery and Chinatown.

But we argued ourselves out of the dumps on the money angle. We could make more, for the time being, in the Bowery, but that would be as far as we'd go.

This way we were in the "legitimate," and there was no end to what we could do or the money we would make eventually.

We felt pepped up and I went back to the manager and demanded a raise. We got it, too. Instead of \$18 a week we were to get \$24.

The team of Ryan & White did an "Off to Buffalo," singing "Broadway, Here We Come!"

We weren't fooling, either.

Next week another chapter of "The Luck of George White," telling about his struggle to rise in the show business and make his own stars, will appear in *The American Weekly*.

How the Gremlins Make the Punishment-Fit the Crime. Here a Young Club Member Poses as a Defendant Who Has Been Sentenced to Three Rounds With the Club Champ.



THE prosecuting attorney, who goes by the name of Shotgun, outlined Tommy's police record, which was pretty long for a kid of 16. Larry, counsel for the defense, told about Tommy's unsatisfactory home life and about the older boy who started him off wrong.

The jury, numbering about 40, sat around the floor on wrestling mats and listened intently.

"Take it away, boys," said Johnny, the judge.

Led by the foreman, Pinky, the jury retired to consider the verdict in one of the regular trials of the Gremlin Club, an organization of reformed young hoodlums in Dallas, Texas, which is rescuing hundreds of tough teen-agers from criminal careers.

The plan came from a stocky, square-faced Episcopal pastor named Vern Swartsfager whose own waywardness got him kicked out of three schools and two universities. Son of a Philadelphia artificial limb manufacturer, he had been a newspaper man and ad man for 20 years before becoming, late in 1940, a field representative for the Brotherhood of St. Andrew, a laymen's group in the Episcopal Church.

In 1943 while he was in Dallas, the Very Rev. Gerald Gratton Moore, dean of St. Matthew's Cathedral, suggested that Swartsfager enter the ministry. He agreed, started studying, was ordained a deacon a year later in Calumet, Mich., and in 1945 returned to Dallas as curate at St. Matthew's.

Soon after he settled in a cottage near the church with his wife, three daughters and a son, the neighborhood was aroused nightly by the ringing of the 1,500-pound bell on the cathedral grounds. One night Curate Swartsfager hid a baseball bat under

his cassock and waited behind a tree.

He grabbed the culprit, a frightened, gangling boy who finally admitted he was one of a gang of 15 called "The Royal Legion" which combined mischief with petty crime. The clergyman released his prisoner on the promise that he would bring the rest of the gang to the curate's office the next evening.

Most of the boys stayed away from that first meeting, believing it was a trap. But, cocky and defiant, they showed up a week later. They were tough, they said, and didn't go for "this religion stuff."

"Tell me this," said the curate. "Is it tougher to get out of bed in the morning or to stay there and answer such a silly question. 'All right, who is tougher, the guy who digs himself out of bed and goes to church on Sunday, or the guy who sleeps all Sunday morning? You know the answer. You guys aren't tough, you're sissies.'"

That was language they could understand, and almost before they knew it they were organized into a club with weekly meetings, hot-dog roasts, athletic contests and so much fun that nobody wanted to stay away. One of the boys suggested the name—Gremlins.

New members come from various sources. The Padre, as the Gremlins call their director, gets many of them from the Police Court by making himself responsible for their behavior.

No boy can become a Gremlin without being passed on at a formal trial. In the case of Tommy, the boy with the police record, the verdict of the jury was typical:

"The Gremlin Club accepts your promise never again to commit a crime. Your application is approved with the following stipulations: you must attend every meeting without fail; you must never lie to the Padre; you must attend the church of your choice every Sunday; you must continue in school and make good marks

Your punishment is three one-minute rounds with Jack."

Tommy agreed and took a beating from Jack, the club champion. Then everybody shook hands with him and his shortcomings were never again mentioned. Once a boy becomes a Gremlin, his past is a closed chapter.

Sentences for members who fall from grace are likely to be tough. When two Gremlins were caught trying to sell a stolen bicycle, the Padre obtained their release and brought them before the club court. They were sentenced to crawl four times on knees through a double row of members who flailed them with belts.

The Padre spends four nights a week with his boys. On Mondays they audition for their two radio programs. On Tuesdays they broadcast histories of redeemed members and answer questions by the troubled parents of other problem children. On Wednesdays they hold their regular meetings, and the Padre takes them all out each Thursday for a feed.

The Gremlins have a clubhouse on the church grounds where they stage boxing and wrestling bouts, play games and convene their court.

The club has been so successful in its first year that the Reverend Swartsfager has launched "Kids' World, Inc.," a non-profit, non-denominational enterprise through which he hopes to raise \$1,000,000.

His plans include a \$500,000 hostel with a large industrial workshop, moving picture theatre, gymnasium, game room, infirmary and a 24-hour nursery where young mothers can leave their children. He also wants two special schools to which "Incorrigibles" from all over the nation would be accepted.

"After all," says the Padre, "it really isn't the kids who are delinquent, it's the parents."

"And it doesn't make any difference if they are rich or poor. Kids can get into trouble—and they can be made into useful citizens."

GREMLIN Justice

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TUNE IN The Paul Whiteman Club—3:30-4:30 P. M. Eastern Time



Monday through Friday over your local ABC station



Casey Jones Then Yelled to Sim Webb, "Jump, Sim, and Save Yourself!"

By Jack Stone

Come all you rounders if you want to hear
A story 'bout a brave engineer;
Casey Jones was the rounder's name,
On a six-eight wheeler, boys, he won his fame.

THE plain, little wooden cross was gone. In its stead was a gleaming marble monolith. A bright bronze plaque was inscribed in bas-relief, with old engine 382 and a glowing tribute to Casey Jones, the six-foot-four smiling giant who stands for all that was glorious in turn-of-the-century American railroading.

They were all there, those still alive who knew and loved Casey Jones: his widow, Mrs. Janie Brady Jones; his son, Charles; his granddaughter, Barbara Jones; Sim Webb, the fireman who jumped to safety when Casey rode the glory road to death; the oldtimers who grew up with steam and cinders in their very blood... they stood in the hot sun one day last August and watched solemnly while the marble shaft was unveiled.

Forty-seven years after Casey Jones died in the wreck of old 382, one hand on the whistle cord, the other on the brake control, a fitting memorial to his prowess stood for the world to see.

Not that the world doesn't know about Casey Jones... he has been immortalized in song and story... but there are many even today who re-

gard him only as a legend.

Those at the ceremony, however, knew he was very real. The low, plaintive wail of a freight locomotive passing the cemetery unrolled the years for them, conjured up the vision of Casey highbailing across the Illinois Central track, his distinctive whistle rising on the night air, so that farmers awoke and railroad men stopped their work and observed: "There goes Casey Jones!"

John Luther Jones was his right name. He came from Cayce, Tenn., and that's how he got his first name. His first regular job was as fireman on the Mobile and Ohio Railroad, which made it convenient for him to live in Jackson.

It was there he met and married Janie Brady.

He changed over at higher pay to the Illinois Central. He named his first engine "Mrs. Jones." Railroaders loved his ready grin, his cheerful word, his generous heart. Nobody, however, except Mrs. Jones, loved him like Wallace Saunders, his Negro wiper.

After Casey's life had been snuffed out it was Saunders who spread his fame throughout the railroad world with an improvised tune.

The professional song-writers, T. Lawrence Seibert and Eddie Newton, who made Casey known to the world

by means of the formalized song "Casey Jones," laid the locale of their hero on the western Santa Fe, but the inspiration came from the informal verses which fell, in varied form, from railroad men's lips.

*The caller called Casey at a half-past four;
He kissed his wife at the station door.*

*Mounted to the cabin with his orders in his hand
And he took his farewell trip to that Promised Land.**

On the night of April 29, 1900, Casey brought his crack "Cannonball," No. 382, into Memphis from Canton, Miss., on time. Joe Lewis, another engineer, was to take the other "Cannonball" back to Canton within minutes. But Lewis was sick.

"I'll double back and pull Lewis's run," Casey volunteered.

He and Sim Webb climbed into 382's cabin and headed south. Fifty miles out a stalled freight engine delayed them a half hour.

*Put in your water and shovel your coal;
Put your head out the window,
watch them drivers roll.*

*I'll run her till she leaves the rail,
'Cause I'm eight hours late with that western mail.**

Webb shoveled the coal and Casey poured on the steam. Casey's familiar

whistle rose on the night air... a giant whippoorwill cry that seemed to wait "Ca-sey Jones."

*He pulled up within two miles of the place;
Number Four stared him right in the face;*

*He turned to the fireman, said:
'Boy, you better jump,*

*'Cause there's two locomotives that's a-goin' to bump.'**

Just above Vaughn, Miss., two freight trains stood on the siding at a long curve. Casey peered ahead, saw them, shouted to Webb: "There's a freight on the siding." What he didn't know was that four cars of the second freight jolted out on the main line.

Almost on top of the obstructing cars, Casey realized that nothing could avert a crash. He yelled to Webb: "Jump, Sim, and save yourself!" Sim jumped, landed in some bushes unhurt. Casey applied the brakes, threw 382 in reverse and rode the engine to his death in a holocaust of crashing wood.

Up and down the I.C. line Casey was mourned. Wallace Saunders was desolate. He went about his work chanting a low, wistful tune. He began to put words to it, words about Casey Jones, the great engineer. It spread from town to town.

Then Seibert and Newton wrote their famous song and Casey Jones was immortalized. Nevertheless, over his Jackson grave for 47 years there stood nothing but a wooden cross.

Mrs. Jones never married again. At the unveiling ceremony she sat, still sprightly despite her near-70 years, and wiped away the tears. "He was a good man," she said. "He was the greatest engineer that ever lived."

Sim Webb, aged and feeble now, had a word to say too:

"I'm proud I shoveled coal for him. An' you know somep'n? I can still hear that whistle of his, mournful-like, in my dreams. Nobody ever whistled like that, before or since."

Illustrated by R. BROWN

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Hear Elgin's "2 HOURS OF STARS" on Christmas Day, CBS Radio Network.

* Patent Pending

* Patent No. 2,144,237



DILLINGER

and the Woman in Red

By Peter Levins

PART III.

DETECTIVE HENRY CUMMINGS pressed the doorbell, saying, "Keep your hands on your guns, fellows, and stay away from the door. This is no picnic."

He wasn't exaggerating. Detective Cummings and his fellow officers of St. Paul, Minn., had reason to believe that John Dillinger, most dangerous criminal in the country, might be standing behind that door with a gun.

Four weeks before, on March 3, 1934, Dillinger, Public Enemy No. 1, had staged a daring escape at Crown Point, Ind. Awaiting trial for murder, hummed in by every conceivable safeguard, the notorious bank robber had used a cell-made wooden pistol to intimidate his guards and take possession of the Crown Point jail.

With the utmost coolheadedness, he had seized two machine guns from under the nose of a soldier on duty in the warden's office, herded various surprised employees into cells, and then, laughing derisively, had rolled away in the woman sheriff's automobile.

In his flight, Dillinger had violated a federal statute by transporting a stolen car across a state line. Thus the G-men joined the manhunt, which was destined not to reach its final curtain until 19 weeks later when Anna Sage, the Woman in Red, entered to play the role of Nemesis.

Having robbed a bank in Mason City, Iowa, of \$52,344 with the able assistance of John Hamilton, only one of the original Dillinger mobsters still at large, he had been reported hiding out in this apartment in a quiet section of St. Paul.

The tip to the police on this Saturday morning of March 31 was that Dillinger had moved into the place with Evelyn Frechette, his French-Indian sweetheart, Hamilton, and possibly Homer Van Meter, a newly recruited henchman.

Detective Cummings and his companions ranged themselves on either side of the door. Suddenly it opened a few inches, and they saw a young woman.

"It's cops!" she cried, and slammed the door. First there came a volley of pistol shots which the officers answered. Then the door opened and Dillinger jumped out.

Before his would-be captors could move, he got the drop on them with a sub-machine gun, and drove them before him down the stairway. At the same time, the young woman (Miss Frechette)

and Hamilton dashed to a back stairway. This led to a courtyard and a green sedan.

Dillinger continued down the main stairway, driving the officers before him. As he gained the street, he leaped into the waiting sedan, and the trio flashed away in a flurry of bullets.

That same day, one Eugene Green, a local hoodlum, visited the office of Dr. Clayton May in nearby Minneapolis, accompanied by a woman he described as his wife. Green, a former patient of Dr. May, said a man had been hurt in a still explosion and needed attention.

They proceeded to 34th St. and stopped near an alley. Green pointed to a car in the alley, saying, "He's in that machine, Doc."

Dr. May went to the car and opened the door to find himself confronted with a sub-machine gun. The man behind the gun was, as the doctor later learned, John Dillinger.

"Get in," said Dillinger.

Dr. May did so.

"Take the wheel and do as you're told," the outlaw continued. "I want you to drive me to your nurse's home and treat me for an injury."

They drove to the home of Mrs. Augusta Salt.

Inside, Dillinger laid his gun on a table.

"I have a bullet wound in my leg, just above the knee," he said. "I want you to do a good job on it, or you won't leave here alive."

As he spoke, Evelyn Frechette came in carrying a long box which proved to contain another machine gun.

"Keep quiet about this," Dillinger went on while Dr. May washed the wound. "You will be followed when you leave here. You will be watched until I am ready to leave. That may not be for several days."

The physician completed his first aid work and left. He was followed to his office and home. Dillinger remained in vigilant seclusion at Mrs. Salt's home for four days and three nights. Then, to the immense relief of Dr. May and his terrified nurse, the patient abruptly departed.

Immediately he did another amazing thing. Still accompanied by Evelyn, Dillinger visited his aged father's farm home in Mooresville, Ind.

News of this did not become public for several weeks. By that time, Miss Frechette had been picked up in Chicago—she later got two years for harboring Dillinger—while Mr. P. E. No. 1, his chestnut hair dyed red, plunged into new plans for plunder with his organized band.

One evening in mid-April, he and Homer Van

Illustrated by
JULES
GOTLIES



"Stick 'Em Up, Johnny. We Have You Surrounded," Said F.B.I.'s Melvin Purvis.

Meter dropped into police headquarters at Warsaw, Ind., for the purpose of acquiring some bullet-proof vests. Finding no officer on duty there, and no keys, they stuck up a lone cop on patrol and marched him back to headquarters. When the pair left this time, they were suitably attired in protective waistcoats.

ON the afternoon of Friday, April 20, three cars pulled up before a small secluded roadhouse called "Little Bohemia," nine miles southeast of Mercer, Wisc. Six men and three women got out and entered the inn.

The men: Dillinger, Van Meter, Hamilton, Tommy Carroll, Pat Reilly and Lester Gillis, who was to become better known as Baby-Face Nelson. The women: Helen Gillis, wife of Lester; Marie Comforti, Van Meter's girl; and Jean Delaney, sweetheart of Tommy Carroll.

"I'm Dillinger," the gang chief told Emil Wanetka, the proprietor.

"We're going to stay here for a while." All that Friday, Saturday and Sunday the party danced and drank and generally enjoyed themselves. Meanwhile, one of them always manned a machine gun on the roof, and another always stayed with Wanetka.

But somehow a tip reached the Department of Justice office in Chicago, and by Sunday G-men were converging on "Little Bohemia." As they were organizing a cordon around the place, three CCC workers, John Hoffman, Eugene Boissoneau and John Morris, came out and got into a car.

Hoffman, at the wheel, turned on the car's radio. Some dogs started barking. A federal man uttered a command to halt.

He did not say it loud enough.

The car began to move, and shots were fired. Boissoneau, shot through the back, died almost instantly. Morris was seriously wounded. Hoffman, unhurt, jumped out and ran into the woods.

Inside the roadhouse, Dillinger began issuing orders, and bullets began pouring out into the night. Then, while officers rushed toward the CCC car, the six gangsters noiselessly dropped out of a back window and, unmolested, vanished.

One of them, Nelson, appropriated a deputy sheriff's car and when G-men tried to stop him he killed Agent W. Carter Baum.

Dillinger, Hamilton and Van Meter made their way to a tavern owned by E. J. Mitchell, about a mile from "Little Bohemia." But Mitchell had only a small, slow-moving truck.

"Where can we get a car?" Dillinger demanded. "Talk fast!"

Mitchell said that an employee, Robert Johnson, who lived down the road, owned a coupe.

Dillinger ran there and awakened Johnson.

"Mrs. Mitchell is sick!" he shouted. "She needs a doctor right away! Get your car out!"

Within a few moments the coupe was speeding through the countryside with the three fugitives and Johnson. They released him at Park Falls, Wisc., about 50 miles from the scene of the raid.

At dawn the government men blasted "Little Bohemia" with machine guns and hurled tear gas bombs through the shattered windows.

But all they caught were the three women.

Once again, Dillinger had the laugh.

However, he wasn't fool enough to think that he could keep up such an extraordinary performance. He therefore decided to utilize the science of plastic surgery to render himself less recognizable to the millions who by this time had seen his picture in newspapers and magazines.

THIS decision may have been influenced to a large extent by the United States Congress.

On May 5, at the request of the Department of Justice, the House of Representatives authorized the payment of a \$25,000 reward.

And on May 18 the legislators passed the national bank robbery act, which gave the federal government jurisdiction over bank robberies.

Ten days after this second event, Dillinger underwent a series of operations in the home of Dr. James Probasco in Chicago.

Dr. Wilhelm Loesser, who had previously served time on a narcotics charge, performed the operations, assisted by Dr. Harold B. Cassidy.

When the work was done, a mole had been removed from Dillinger's forehead between his eyes; a chin dimple had been effaced; two slices of skin had been removed from his cheeks; and his nose had been altered slightly. It cost \$3,000.

As for the doctors—Loesser was returned to Leavenworth to complete a three-year sentence; Cassidy got 11 months; and Probasco committed suicide by jumping out of a 19th-story window during questioning at the FBI office.

What Dillinger now planned to do, or hoped

to do, no one can say. His gang had been shattered again. Hamilton had received mortal wounds in a gun fight with deputy sheriffs a few days after the "Little Bohemia" raid. Tommy Carroll was slain June 7 in Waterloo, Iowa.

Dillinger's inactivity, once his face and fingers healed, may have been due to the fact that he could no longer enlist dependable assistants. It is quite likely that experienced criminals reasoned that the heat on him had become too intense for the health of anyone within its range.

Thus it was that the final events of this Indiana lad's biography came after a lull that lasted some 12 weeks.

These events were as follows:

On the afternoon of Saturday, July 21, Melvin Purvis, head of the Chicago office of the FBI, received a telephone call that gave him the biggest jolt of his lifetime. This call was from Police Captain O'Neill of East Chicago, whom Dillinger had killed a patrolman during a bank holdup on the previous Jan. 15.

"We have information here about Dillinger," O'Neill said, "and it looks good."

Purvis and Inspector Sam Cowley met O'Neill and Sergt. Martin Zarkovich in a Loop hotel. Zarkovich had been the partner of the officer Dillinger killed.

The East Chicago men reported that a woman named Anna Sage had contacted them.

This woman, who faced deportation to Roumania following convictions as a disorderly house operator, had informed them that Dillinger had been visiting her home periodically with a woman named Polly Hamilton.

"She wants a piece of the reward," O'Neill said, "but much more than that, she wants the authorities to drop the deportation rap."

Purvis nodded. "No doubt. What else?"

"She told us that the three of them have been visiting neighborhood movie houses."

"When can we see her?"

"Tonight."

SERGEANT ZARKOVICH and Purvis met the woman on a dark street on the North Side with O'Neill and Cowley following in another car. She walked past the front car, then at a signal got into it.

They drove along, saying "nothing, and finally stopped near the lake. Immediately they got down to business.

Purvis assured her that she would receive a substantial reward. As for the deportation matter, he told her that he would recommend that she be allowed to remain in the United States.

"What movie theatres do you usually attend?" he inquired.

"Well, the last time we went it was to the Marbro on the West Side."

That same night, federal agents surveyed the Marbro, made notes of the entrances, exits and fire escapes. In the morning, at a conference, maps were drawn and studied, places assigned.

At 5 p. m., Purvis' phone rang. It was Anna Sage.

"He's here!" she whispered. "He just came. We are leaving in about five minutes. Later we'll go either to the Marbro or the Biograph on Lincoln Ave."

Two men were sent at once to the Biograph, which had not been surveyed, and two more to the Marbro. They were to call the office every five minutes to determine if Dillinger had been spotted at either theatre.

Five men were selected as the first group to close in on Dillinger. Others were to be stationed in pairs so as to form an extended gantlet through which he would have to run.

Six o'clock... Seven... Eight...

At 8:30 the word came: "Biograph. He's wearing dark glasses, a straw hat, gray trousers, white shirt, no coat."

Dillinger sat between the two women. Anna Sage wore a bright red dress of heavy satin which could be seen from the rear of the house.

Running time of the picture, "Manhattan Melodrama," one hour and 34 minutes. Entire show, two hours and four minutes.

The G-men, along with several officers from East Chicago, were on hand and at their stations in 25 minutes.

Purvis stood in the rear of the theatre. He was to light a cigar in the lobby at a signal from Anna Sage. Both signals would mean:

"He is leaving."

Across the street, another agent, stationed in a vestibule, would also light a cigar. That would mean: "He is coming out."

At 10:38, the Woman in Red raised a hand to her throat. Purvis walked into the lobby and lighted his cigar.

Outside, they closed in.

"Stick 'em up, Johnny, we have you surrounded," said Purvis.

But Johnny didn't choose to stick 'em up. He reached for his .38 automatic—and died instantly.

Three months later, in Los Angeles, Anna Sage received \$3,000.

Whether she regretted what she had done could be a matter of speculation. Because in April, 1936, she was deported to Roumania, and she died there of a liver ailment on April 25, 1947.

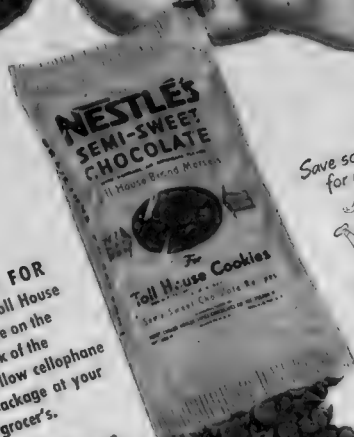


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The Milk and
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Reunion in the Dark

STEPPING hesitantly and leaning on a cane, a gray-haired little woman entered the darkened world of the blind one day recently in London.

Doctors at the hospital had done all they could for Mrs. Emma Stubbs. It hadn't been enough, and at last they broke the news that she must live out her remaining years in darkness.

Now she had arrived at the London County Council's Hostel for the Blind at Highgate, and a kindly matron had taken charge of her.

"It's a mite strange here at first, but you'll like it," the matron said cheerfully. "Here, lean on my arm. In no time at all you'll be finding your way around, and you'll love the garden, and the big veranda where you can sit in the sunshine. You'll love the other patients too; we have some wonderful people."

"I don't know about that," Mrs. Stubbs said doubtfully. "I'm going to miss my family. Three daughters, a son, and nine grandchildren I've got. They all wanted me to come and live with them, but I wouldn't be a burden."

The matron sensed that the wispy little woman was near tears. She changed the subject and introduced Mrs. Stubbs to several inmates who approached just then.

"And here's the Colonel; you must meet him, too!" the matron exclaimed. "We

call him that because he's so distinguished looking." Mrs. Stubbs caught the name, "Colonel Snow," and murmured: "That's odd you see, my maiden name was Emma Snow."



The Old Folks Discovered That They Are Brother and Sister Who Had Been Separated for 56 Years.

The "Colonel" was silent a moment. Then, to the amazement of the others, he stepped forward and cried: "Emma, is it you? Why, I'm your brother, Jamie, that you haven't

seen for over 56 years!"

The blind man's almost intuitive identification proved correct. They were brother and sister, and they had been parted since 1890 when Emma, a girl of 9, ran away from home after a petty quarrel with her parents. Her last act had been to say goodbye to James, then 6, and press her last penny into his hands.

Since that day, Emma had lost track of her family. So there was much to talk about. From James, she learned for the first time that her father and sister Sarah were dead.

"And my wife, too," Jamie added wistfully. "You didn't know I'd married, did you Emma? It's been sixteen years now since she passed away. 'Tis lonely I've been, till this day when you appeared."

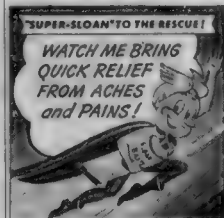
Timidly, Emma's hand reached out to her brother's shoulder.

"This is no time to be opening old wounds," she smiled tenderly. "Not when we've so much to be thankful for. Ah, I'll have to write the young 'uns about this. They'll certainly be surprised to hear that I have found you here at last!"

Emma now walks about the hostel grounds daily with her brother. They talk about their parents and their spouses, and fill in gaps of more than half a century. And Emma no longer notices the darkness.



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3 Happy Solutions...to those pressing gift problems!

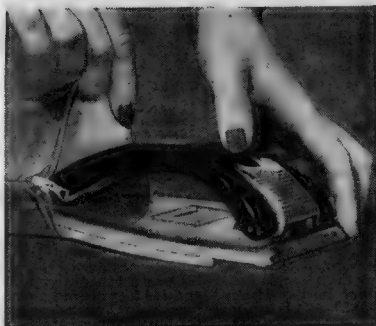


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General Electric Company, Appliance and Merchandise Dept., Bridgeport 2, Conn.



General Electric Travel Iron. This new, ingenious Travel Iron folds into a unit just 2 inches high... weighs only 2 pounds... yet it has an ironing surface of 20 square inches!

Double thumb rests (for right or left hand)... cool Textolite reversible plug... indicator shows correct temperature for safe ironing. Operates on a-c and d-c.

Slips into neat suede-cloth case with dainty, gold-finished zipper. Only \$7.95 plus tax!

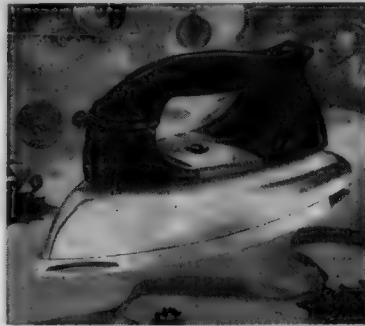
*Prices subject to change without notice.



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You do most of your ironing without sprinkling, or pressing cloths. There's no steam boiler to build pressure, and the water need not be removed for dry ironing.

"Dial the Fabric" Control selects and keeps the right heat for every fabric... Large aluminum sole-plate, automatic shutoff, and many other features. Only \$17.95 plus tax.*



General Electric "Visualizer" Iron is a new, fully automatic beauty!

Visible finger-tip control lets you see the fabric dial while ironing. A flick of your finger sets the correct heat for every fabric.

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Letters to the Editor

CONGRATULATIONS for your keen evaluation of a most brilliant news article. I refer to your series, "Rainbow Over Chicago." To the authors, John Dienthart and Gene Coughlin, orchids for a comprehensive and scholarly report. After reading it, I just wished I might be of help to Mayor Kennelly.

J. A. Marino,
Buffalo, N. Y.

I was greatly interested in your stories on "Women in the Bible," and have saved those of Ruth, Rebecca and the Queen of Sheba. I'm eagerly awaiting the rest of Mr. Erskine's stories on this subject.

Julia Gray,
Washington, D. C.

I read your magazine every week, and have done so for the past nine years. I keep a file of them, and have 450 copies of The American Weekly running all the way back to 1938.

Ed Erickson,
Hayward, Wis.

Needless to say I enjoyed your recent story about my work, entitled "Fashion By Fighters."

Publication of this story on a national scale such as yours is going to help the entire needle trades industry. It adds just that much more to the idea I have been working on for years: that people can be trained in school more quickly and better than older apprenticeship methods.

I have received many favorable comments from friends within the fashion industry, and wouldn't be surprised if the manufacturer's association did not do something about a training program, sponsored by them, for talented people inside and outside the industry.

Raymond F. Bowley,
Hyde Park, Mass.

May I have permission to make mimeographed copies of your recent article, "God Is My Partner" for distribution to my parishioners?

Rev. W. I. Plough,
The Church of God,
Revere, Ohio.

(Permission given.—Ed.)

I was thrilled to read in your article, "The Decadence of Modern Art," that someone is beginning to object to this ridiculous modern art craze. I myself am left completely unmoved by almost all the futuristic,

cubist, modern junk we have seen so much of lately, and all my friends feel the same way. However, I get real enjoyment from studying an honest portrait or a beautiful landscape.

Helen Monson,
Richland, Wash.

I am writing my senior essay on the Statute of Liberty and remember a fine article about this landmark that appeared in The American Weekly sometime this year. Would it be possible for you to send me this page, which would be very helpful to me?

Rita King,
Berlin, N. H.

(Miss King has been sent a copy of the article as source material for her essay.—Ed.)

I have been interested in your religious articles for a long time and have saved clippings of these articles through the years. I know of no other magazine that gives so much space to this important type of material.

A. E. Neimeyer,
Allentown, Pa.

I have been a regular reader of The American Weekly for the past 15 years and have received much valuable information from your articles. I have been especially interested in your stories of new medical discoveries, and your timely articles on modern art.

I wonder if you could tell me why we associate bells with Christmas, what a special significance they have for this holiday, and when the custom began?

I should like this information for a program at a Federated Women's Club, and thought of you because your storehouse of information always seems so inexhaustible.

Martha Brenizer,
Salida, Colo.

(According to the book, "Christmas and Christmas Lore," by T. C. Crispin, Christmas bells are the survival of a medieval custom. Church bells were tolled for an hour before midnight on Christmas Eve to give notice to the powers of darkness of the approaching birth of Christ. Later it was called "tolling the Devil's knell," for, it was said, "The Devil died when Christ was born."—Ed.)

In writing to The Editor, address him care of The American Weekly, 62 West Street, New York 7, N. Y.

When Adoptions Go Wrong

THOUSANDS of kind-hearted and well-meaning people adopt babies in this country every year and all too many of them are sadly disappointed.

Some of these people get their babies in the black market, which is always a dangerous gamble because they know little, if anything, about the physical and mental background of the infants.

Other foster parents make the mistake of selecting children on appearance alone and in not taking expert advice.

The right and wrong way to go about adopting a baby is discussed next week by Frances Lockridge, co-creator of "Mr. and Mrs. North," and author of "Adopting a Child."

PAUL STOUTENBURGH'S name seldom made the headlines, even though he had one of the most complex and important jobs in Washington during the war. He was a brilliant physicist and the key man in government patent work involving the top secrets of atomic research.

When the police found his body and those of his wife and his 12-year-old daughter in their Washington home, they assumed that he had fired the fatal shots. If so, why did he suddenly turn killer? If not, who snuffed out his life and of those he loved? All of the facts are for the first time dramatically presented in "Tragic End of a Genius," in the next issue of The American Weekly.

CHIQUITA BANANA SAYS...

Here's something good

HAM BANANA ROLLS



Pack extra
punch in
every lunch

Fun to
make

How to make "HAM BANANA ROLLS"

6 thin slices boiled ham
Prepared mustard

6 firm bananas, peeled
Cheese Sauce

Use all-yellow or slightly green-tipped bananas

Spread each slice of ham lightly with mustard. Wrap a slice of the prepared ham around each banana. Place in a buttered shallow baking dish and pour Cheese Sauce over bananas. Bake in a moderate oven (350°F.) 30 minutes, or until bananas are tender... easily pierced with a fork.

Six servings.

Serve hot with Cheese Sauce from the baking dish poured over each roll.

1½ tablespoons butter

¾ cup milk

1½ tablespoons flour

1½ cups grated American cheese

Melt butter, add flour and stir until smooth. Stir in milk slowly. Add cheese and cook, stirring constantly until sauce is smooth and thickened. Makes about 1 cup sauce.

UNITED FRUIT COMPANY

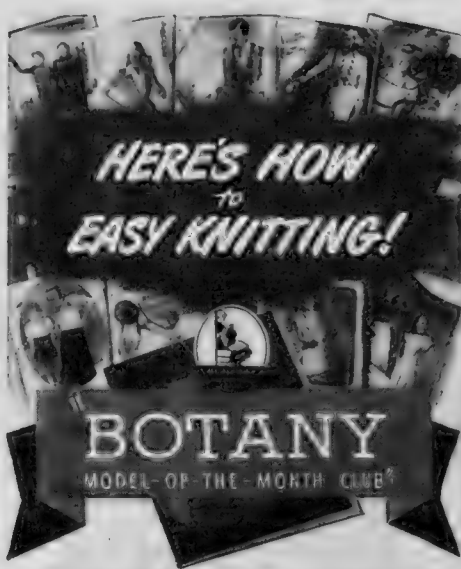
CHEESE
SAUCE

Quick to fix

Easy
to
Digest

For 4 o'clock fatigue -
bananas flecked with brown

Lunches
Menus
Ham Banana Rolls with
Cheese Sauce
Mixed Vegetable Salad
Hot Gingerbread with
Whipped Cream
Beverage



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anced to act gently, without discomfort.

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Simple directions on every package. Caution: Use only as directed.



Teen-Age Tempest

American Teeners Defend Themselves

By URSULA TROW
EVER since Andre Boreau of France, Switzerland, and lately of San Francisco, called American teeners "uncivilized barbarians," sloppy, lazy and totally ignorant of manners and the finer things of life, especially music and art, tempers have been flaring.
And when Andre stated that American teen-agers have pasty complexions be-

cause of Wings Mill, Md., says if you stacked up all the French girls on one side and all the American girls on the other, he'd take the latter every time.

Jackie Goddard of Clinton, Md., and Alice Nelson of Rancocas, N. J., think Andre is just jealous of the boys and girls he sees in this country.

"American teen-agers are neither sloppy, lazy nor



The French Critic of Our Boys and Girls Says They Are Lazy Barbarians Who Are Ignorant of the Finer Things of Life.

cause of too much make-up and not enough fresh air—well, there were plenty of youngsters all over the country who said things that should have made Andre's face turn a rosy red.

Most of the girls, including Pauline Poirier of Massena, N. Y., Helen Yvonne Mason of Washington, D. C., Juanita Hopkins of Los Angeles, Ruth Cavell of Flushing, N. Y., Priscilla Staten of Montrose, N. Y., and Laverne Krankovich of Chicago, Ill., insist that American girls are the most beautiful in the world, have lovely complexions, are poised, intelligent, and interested in world affairs.

Ernest Parrin of Fredericton, Ohio, says his girl friend is beautiful, gets enough sleep, is not silly and does not wear too much make-up.

Steve Stone of Palo Alto, Calif., feels that Andre was unfair to thousands of teeners who are working at any job they can get to help support their families or pay for their schooling.

Andre said American girls are vain and silly. Betty Weimann of Torrington, Conn., replies, "As for vanity, Mr. Boreau seems to have more than his share."

Thaddeus Podbielski of Baltimore is a veteran who wants all American girls to be proud of what they are, and advises the girls not to listen to any French fellow with stuffy ideas.

James Glenn Gaffell, Jr.,

uneducated," says John Curranett of Washington, D. C., "as Andre would realize if he ever attended a school dance, followed a typical teen-ager through his after-school chores, or asked any university how many students are applying for entrance."

Katherine Stratis and Ladora Dal Pian of Detroit, Mich., and Dolores Yekiev of Johnstown, Pa., among others, can't figure out where Andre got his ideas on American teen-agers. Where has he been hanging out? they ask.

"Andre is uninformed and even vain," writes Opal Blaszkiewicz of Hamtramck, Mich. "He has no business criticizing us because we do not do things his way."

Too bad Andre did not learn better in that school he attended in Switzerland than to come here and criticize, said several indignant teeners.

"I've lived in America all my life," writes Anne Mulhearn of Los Angeles, "but I don't consider myself qualified to make wild statements about all the teen-agers in the country like Andre does."

We have so many letters objecting to Andre Boreau's opinion of American teeners that we're going to print more of them next week. If you want to get in the debate, write to the Teen-Age Editor, The American Weekly, 63 Vesey St., New York 7, New York.

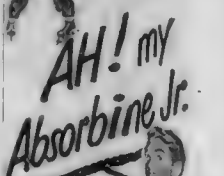
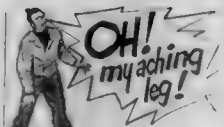
Too Young to Go Steady?

JOHN DONOFRIO of Chicago wants to know if it's wrong for a boy of 17 to go steady. He writes, "I have been going with a girl eight months. We go out once a week together. The money I spend I earn myself by working in a grocery market. Yet my father thinks that when I go double-dating in another boy's car we do nothing but misbehave and squander money."

"I would like to solve this

problem, more for my mother's sake than my own, for it is she who receives the worst tongue lashing and it breaks her heart."

Well, what do you teeners think about this situation? Is John too young to be keeping steady company with a girl, as his father says? Or do you agree with John that his behavior is normal for a boy of 17 who earns his own spending money?



For FAST RELIEF, help feed famished muscles with fresh blood!

It's no fun to have leg muscles get stiff and lame after unusual exercise. Rub Absorbine Jr. on those aching muscles and help them limber up... fast!
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Ask your druggist today for your Absorbine Jr.—a famous formula of twelve medicinal herbs and other scientifically chosen ingredients. \$1.25 a long-lasting bottle. W. F. Fong, Inc., Springfield, Massachusetts.

here's MAGIC for your Lips...



Lorison LIPSTICK REMOVER

Completely removes your lipstick in a jiffy

It's so easy! So efficient! So much better than the old scrub-rub-it-out method. After you have removed your lipstick with Lorison's Lipstick Remover, you can use Lorison's Lipstick Remover to remove your lipstick. Use everywhere by mouth. This line is so lovely.

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Please mention program number

Only You Can

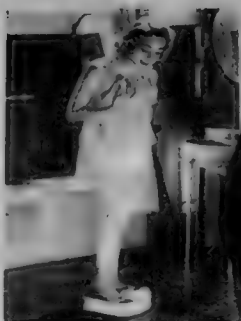
PREVENT FOREST FIRES!

Hold your match till it's cold—then pinch it to make sure.

Crush out your cigarette, cigar, pipe ashes. Use an ashtray! Never throw burning objects from a car window.

Down your campfire, then stir and drown again.

Ask about the law—and a permit—before burning grass, brush, fence rows or trash. Then follow safe rules: burn only on still evenings; have help handy; kill every spark!



HOW TO LOSE WEIGHT

The famous Good Housekeeping Nine-Day Wonder Diet is included in the Good Housekeeping Cook Book—the most successful safe reducing diet ever devised. There is also advice on eating to gain weight, increase vigor, lessen colds—in short, eat your way to health!



FEEDING CHILDREN

"Certain basic rules must be followed to be sure the child is getting what he needs for health and growth," says the Good Housekeeping Cook Book—and then it tells just what they are, clearly, simply, interestingly.



VITAMINS

You may spend much for food, and eat heartily, yet starve for lack of the right food elements. This book tells what you need to know about calories, vitamins, minerals, and what foods make a balanced ration.



MAKES COOKING EASIER

This book is filled with time-saving shortcuts in cooking, giving you more leisure hours for other things. In less time and with less work you can "come up with" more delicious meals for your family.



VARIED MEALS

Families get tired of "the same old thing." There are enough new suggestions here to enable you to serve a new dish every day for five years!



LET US SEND YOU THIS BOOK

For 30 years Good Housekeeping Magazine has been applying science to home-making. Now all we have learned about food and cooking has been gathered into one big book—The Good Housekeeping Cook Book. It has 981 pages, each 5½ by 8¼ inches. It is 1¼ inches thick, and weighs 2¼ pounds. It is printed in clear type on a fine grade of paper, and is handsomely and durably bound.



PAYS FOR ITSELF

How to make pennies count at the market—avoiding food spoilage—using leftovers—economical substitutes—fuel-saving ideas—it has so many money-saving ideas it should pay for itself every ten days, in the average family!

TELLS AND SHOWS

It not only tells what to do, but shows how to do it. There are dozens of charts, drawings, diagrams and illustrations—many in full color. The index covers 68 pages—you can find any one of the 2000 recipes in 30 seconds.

FOR ONE OR MANY

The woman who lives alone will find her needs considered; but when you want to entertain a crowd, see the table showing quantities to order for 50, and divide! School lunches, outdoor meals, afternoon tea—almost everything you can ask about food is answered somewhere between these covers!

SEND NO MONEY NOW

Let us mail it to you for five days' free trial. If you aren't delighted, return it without cost or obligation. But if you decide it will help you live better while saving more, send us \$1, pay the balance of \$2.00 (plus few cents postage and handling charges) a month later, when you receive a bill.

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OR EXPERT COOK**

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GRACIOUS ENTERTAINING

How to set a table—train a waitress—entertain guests—give a formal or a buffet supper—be your own hostess, cook and waitress combined—the whole art of gracious entertaining.

MY CEREAL SUITS THE WHOLE FAMILY!



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ON EVERY PACKAGE OF

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AMERICA'S FAVORITE HOT
WHEAT BREAKFAST FOOD
AT ITS BEST!



... and a creamy-smooth favorite
with the whole family!
Its wheat-rich flavor tastes so good,
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Vitamin D, and other vitamins are so
good for you!

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FAMOUS DAILY GUIDE BOOK NOW!**
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through rosiest age. "Bringing Up
Baby" is written
by noted author-
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Chicago, Illinois



Household Almanac

Amey Alden

NOW is the time to make
your fruit cakes and
puddings for the holiday
season. Your days are less
crowded with holiday duties
this week, and you want to
be sure that your fruit cake
has had time to become
blended in flavor and moist
in texture. Try some of
these cakes tomorrow.

The fruit cakes keep well
and make nice gifts for this
season, especially the white
cake that is so beautiful
when cut. It has fewer in-
gredients to worry about
and takes a shorter time to
cook. If you want some-
thing extra lovely why not
spoon a simple icing over
the finished cake and de-
corate the top with cut red
and green cherries and
nuts, making your own de-
sign as you go.

White Fruit Cake

- 1/2 cup shortening
- 1 cup granulated sugar
- 3 eggs, well beaten
- 1 tbsp. grated lemon
rind
- 1 tbsp. grated orange
rind
- 2 1/2 cups sifted cake flour
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 1 cup chopped seeded
raisins
- 1 cup chopped walnuts
- 1/2 cup cut-up candied
cherries
- 1/2 cup cut-up candied
citron
- 1/2 cup orange juice

Work shortening and
sugar until fluffy. Add eggs,
lemon and orange rinds,
sifting until well mixed.
Sift together flour, salt, and
baking powder. Combine 1/2
cup of this mixture with
combined raisins, walnuts,
cherries, and citron. Add re-
maining flour mixture in
halves, alternately with
orange juice, to shortening
mixture, blending well. Last,
add raisin mixture, and mix
well. Pour into a greased
and floured 9"x5"x3" loaf
pan, and bake in a moderate
oven of 325° F. for 1 1/2 hrs.,
or until done.

Christmas Cake

- 1 cup shortening
- 1 1/2 cups brown sugar
- 6 eggs, separated
- 1/2 cup fruit juice
- 1/2 tsp. baking soda
- 1/2 cup molasses, heated
- 1/2 cup drained maras-
chino cherries
- 1/2 cup finely cut
candied pineapple
- 3 cups finely cut
seeded raisins
- 3 cups seedless raisins
- 1 cup currants

SEND FOR THESE CHARTS!

Mark the charts desired; attach to a sheet of paper with
YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS, plus a three-cent stamp for
P.A.C.H. Address: Women's Service Bureau, The American
Weekly, Box 202, Church Street Station, New York 7, N. Y.

ALMANAC RECIPES

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| (60) Gaylord Manner Diet | (129) New Cakes |
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| (65) Pancakes and Melt-Ups | (134) Meat for Family Meals |
| (66) Dinner Recipes | (135) Sticks-to-the-Ribs Dishes |
| (67) Waffles Tonight | (136) Delicious Vegetables |
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| (76) Favorite Holiday Recipes | (145) Buffet Party Dishes |
| (77) Favorite Almanac Cakes | (146) Luscious Fillers |
| (102) Favorite | (147) Puddings, Sauces |

Make your Holiday Cakes and Puddings Now!

- 1/2 cup finely cut
citron
- 1/2 cup finely cut can-
died orange peel
- 1/2 cup finely cut can-
died lemon peel
- 1/2 cup finely cut dates
- 1 1/2 cups blanched, toasted
almond halves
- 2 cups sifted flour
- 1/2 tsp. ground cloves
- 1/2 tsp. nutmeg
- 1/2 tsp. cinnamon

Work shortening and
brown sugar until fluffy.
Add beaten egg yolks and
fruit juice, mix well. Dis-
solve soda in heated mo-
lasses; add to shortening
mixture. Combine fruits and
almonds, and mix with 2
tbsp. of sifted dry ingredi-
ents. Add with the sifted
dry ingredients to creamed
mixture and mix well.
Fold in the stiffly beaten
egg whites. Bake in two
greased loaf pans lined
with waxed paper, one
measuring 10"x5"x3" and
the other measuring 8"x4"
x3". Bake in a slow oven
300° F. 2 1/2 hrs. for the larg-
er loaf, and 2 hrs. for the
smaller loaf. Makes 5 lbs.

Cranberry Pudding

- 1 cup raw cranberries,
- 1 cup finely diced

- drained canned pine-
apple slices
- 1/2 cup dried cit-
ron or mixed candied
fruits
- 1/2 cup light molasses
- 1/2 tsp. cinnamon
- 1/2 tsp. powdered cloves
- 1/2 tsp. nutmeg
- 1 1/2 cups sifted flour
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. baking soda
- 2 tbsps. cold water

Combine fruits, molasses,
and spices. Add sifted flour
and salt. Dissolve soda in
cold water, add and blend
well. Turn the batter into
a greased 1 1/2-qt. pudding
mold, cover with greased
lid. Steam for 2 hrs., in
deep kettle on top of the
range. Serve hot with Ice
Cream. Serves 8.

Almond Fruit Cake

- 1/2 lb. shelled almonds
- 2 tbsps. melted fat
- 1/2 cup shortening
- 1/2 cup brown sugar,
firmly packed
- 3 egg yolks, well beaten
- 1/2 cup molasses
- 3 egg whites
- 1 cup sifted cake flour
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. allspice
- 1 tsp. cinnamon
- 1/2 tsp. nutmeg
- 1 tsp. mace
- 1/2 tsp. baking soda
- 2 cups seeded raisins
- 2 cups sultana raisins
- 1/2 cup currants
- 1 tbsp. preserved
mound rind, cut small
- 1 lb. preserved orange
rind, cut small
- 1/2 lb. glace cherries,
cut small
- 1/2 lb. preserved pine-
apple, cut small
- 1/2 lb. thinly sliced,
preserved citron
- 1/2 cup strawberry
preserves
- 1/2 cup grape juice

Skin the almonds; toast,
chop coarsely. Meanwhile
cream shortening. Then add

brown sugar gradually,
work with a spoon until
light. Add beaten egg yolks
and molasses, beat well.
Fold in stiffly beaten egg
whites. Sift together flour,
salt, spices, and baking so-
da, reserving 1/2 cup of mix-
ture for dredging fruit. Add
remaining flour mixture to
egg mixture. Add the fruits
which have been dredged,
the strawberry preserves,
toasted chopped almonds,
and grape juice, stir until
mixed. Bake in a greased,
brown paper lined 10"x5"x3"
pan in slow oven 275° F. 4
hrs. Makes 3 1/2 lbs.

Plum Pudding

- 1/2 lb. ground suet
- 1 cup, plus 2 tbsps.
brown sugar
- 1/2 cup milk
- 2 eggs, well beaten
- 1 cup seedless raisins
- 1 1/2 cups currants
- 1/2 cup sliced, preserved
orange peel
- 1/2 cup sliced, preserved
lemon peel
- 1/2 cup sliced citron
- 1/2 cup chopped, blanched
almonds
- 1 cup sifted flour
- 1 tsp. baking soda
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. nutmeg
- 1 tsp. cinnamon
- 1/2 tsp. mace
- 1 cup bread crumbs

Mix together the suet,
brown sugar, and milk; add
the eggs. Mix fruits, peels,
citron, and nuts with 1/2
cup of the flour. Mix and sift
remaining flour with the
soda, salt, and spices. Add
fruit mixture, crumbs, and
sifted dry ingredients to
suet mixture. Mix well, and
turn into a 2-qt. greased,
covered pudding mold.
Steam on top of the range
2 1/2 hrs. Serve with sauce.

Amey Alden may be ad-
dressed at The American
Weekly, P. O. Box 191, Grand
Central Annex, New York 17,
N. Y. Need stamped, self-
addressed envelope.



Paul Whiteman,
prexy of ARC's
"Paul Whiteman Club"

Paul Whiteman discovers the queen of desserts! Fruit Sundae Pie!



Easy Recipe #1

Paul Whiteman Fruit Sundae Pie

Quick graham cracker crust! Velvety ice cream! Luscious fruit cocktail!

CRUMB SHELL:

- 1½ cups finely rolled Honey Maid graham cracker crumbs
- 2 tablespoons granulated sugar
- ½ cup softened butter or margarine

Blend graham cracker crumbs, sugar and softened butter. Pat into 9-inch pie pan, pressing firmly against bottom and sides. Bake in 375° oven for 8 minutes. Chill thoroughly.

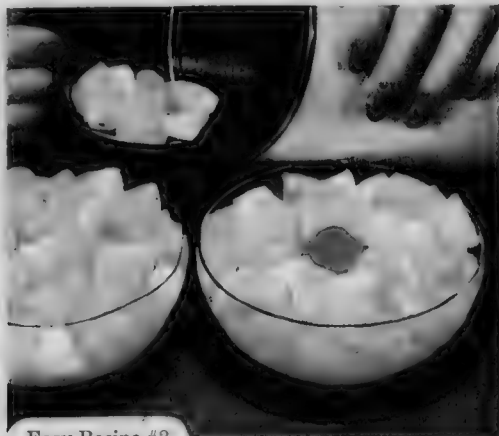
Recipe by Margaret Murray, Director, Home Economics, National Biscuit Company

FRUIT COCKTAIL SAUCE:

- 1½ cups canned fruit cocktail
- ½ cup fruit cocktail syrup
- 1 teaspoon cornstarch
- 1 quart vanilla ice cream

Drain fruit cocktail. Mix syrup and cornstarch, heat to boiling, stirring constantly. Remove from heat. Add fruit cocktail and chill thoroughly.

Just before serving fill shell with ice cream and top with fruit cocktail sauce. Serves 6 to 8.



Easy Recipe #2

Festive Fruit Cup

Cool, colorful fruit cocktail spooned right from the can!

No easier, breezier way to start a holiday meal! No quicker, tastier dessert! This delicious fruit fivesome... sweet, golden California cling peaches, pineapple, pears, grapes and cherries... is ready to serve without fuss or bother! And think of the ways you can use it! In salads with cottage cheese, avocado halves, winter fruits and nuts! Warm on French toast, waffles, hot cakes! As shortcake! On breakfast cereals! In tarts, upside-down cakes, pie fillings! To baste a slice of ham! Keep canned fruit cocktail handy for holiday feasting. Saves hours of precious time!



Easy Recipe #3

Fruited French Pastry

- 1½ cups canned fruit cocktail
- ½ cup whipping cream
- 2 tablespoons granulated sugar
- ½ teaspoon vanilla extract
- 12 Honey Maid graham crackers

Drain fruit cocktail thoroughly. Whip cream until stiff. Beat in sugar and vanilla. Fold in 1 cup fruit cocktail. Spread graham crackers with cocktail mixture and stack 3 crackers for each serving. Chill about 1 hour. Top with additional fruit cocktail just before serving. Serves 4.

By Margaret Murray, Director, Home Economics, National Biscuit Co.

Check the label—Choose Your Favorite Brand of

Canned Fruit Cocktail from California

Wide selection of can sizes • light or heavy syrup—in tin or glass



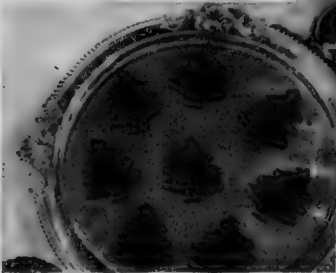
How they'll love these CRANBERRY Christmas Trees

It's the extra touches that make your Christmas table festive... touches like these gay Christmas trees cut from cranberry sauce!

We've made the cranberry sauce—a shimmering, ruby mold of it ready to slide out of the can.

And we've designed a special Christmas tree cutter, just the right size to snap a Christmas tree from each slice.

So settle the cranberry part of your Christmas menu right now. Send for your Christmas tree cutter and feature "cranberry Christmas trees" with roast turkey, chicken, ham, or whatever you're serving for Christmas dinner.



10¢ + 1 Ocean Spray label brings you this grain plastic Christmas tree cutter (send coin only, for stamps please) to

OCEAN SPRAY, Dept. A 117
Harrison, N. H.



NAME (PLEASE PRINT)

STREET

CITY AND STATE

Saucy 2 Pc. Suit Dress

IMAGINE! ONLY

\$5.95



Coming! you're a smarty in the poptum jacket, buttoned over the new LONGER LENGTH skirt. Going! you're cause for talk as they see the perky ripping back. Cavalier cuffs, self belt. A two-timing rayon that looks like, feels like wool! White window-pane checks on GREY or BEIGE.

Sizes 9-11-13-15-17.



DIXIE SHOPS Dept. 97
275 Seventh Ave., New York 1, N. Y.

Please send me the SAUCY 2 pc. dress.

I'll pay postman \$5.95 plus postage.

See First Date Check Second Date Check

Yours on approval! Send no Money!

My Name Print

My Address

City

State

MONEY BACK IF RETURNED IN 10 DAYS

BEAUTY can be yours

I'm Proud of My Hands

By GLADYS SWARTHOUT

LET'S face it, ladies! All of us, no matter what our claim to beauty, have certain physical faults which worry us. It may be straight hair; it may be a too tip-tilted nose, large ears, thick arms, a big waist, bony knees, etc., etc.

Oh, you can go on enumerating physical faults, but very often those very imperfections which give us a sleepless hour can be turned to advantage and be made assets rather than liabilities. For example, I've known a number of tall girls who forfeited all claim to beauty or style because they tried to disguise their height by crouch, hunching and knee bending. Suicidal!

On the other hand, one of the most beautiful girls I know stands five foot ten and uses every inch to enhance her carriage and poise. She's a sensation the moment she enters a room. If she cultivated curvature of the spine she would be downright ugly.

To be personal—I've always hated my hands! They're square, thick, and I've always felt would look just fine on a day laborer. It is only recently that I've come to realize I could capitalize on those hands—so I've gone in for heavy rings and costume jewelry which deliberately call attention to what I've considered my



Thoughtful Grooming Changed the Hands She Once Hated into Beauty Assets for Gladys Swarthout, Missouri-Sora Star of Opera, Concert, Radio and Film.

worst feature. I keep my nails short and use no enamel. They're just plain hands, well cared for, clean and creamed with a popular and inexpensive cream every night.

The result—well, it's been amazing, practically and psychologically. When a famous photographer came to photograph me, he featured my hands when the photos were finished. I was called to pose for a beauty advertisement.

Now, my worst feature or, rather, features have become a source of great satisfaction. Think it over.

OH! my aching back!

AH! my Absorbine Jr.



For FAST RELIEF, help feed fatigued muscles with fresh blood!

When you overdo, and muscles get painfully stiff and sore, there's a time-proved way to ease that lameness fast! Just rub on some Absorbine Jr.!

Tired muscles are often fatigued muscles. Your extra effort has burned up their nourishment. Rubbing on Absorbine Jr. helps speed the local circulation. Then fresh blood supplies fresh nourishment... your aching back, leg or arm limbers up so fast you'll want to shout for joy!

Ask your druggist today for your Absorbine Jr.—a famous formula of rare herbs and other scientifically chosen ingredients from many lands. \$1.25 a bottle. W. F. Young, Inc. Springfield, Massachusetts

Pattern Trio



3748

SIZES

S. 14-16

M. 18-20

L. 40-44

EX. L.

46-50

One Yard 35 for Small Sizes



3891

SIZES

11-17

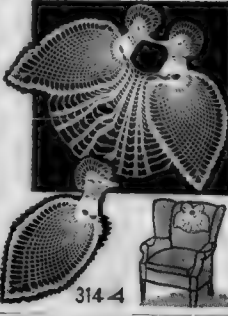
3748—Fretty apron, cut long and wide, to give you full protection. Note the hip-top and non-slip straps. Sizes small (14-16), med. (18-20), large (40-44), ex. large (46-50). Small size takes 1 yd and 35-inch embroidery transfer included.

3891—You'll be set for the holiday season with this frock. It's slim, slick, suave but snug and has shoulder tabs and back fullness. It measures 11-17. Size 13 takes 3 yards of 38-inch material.

3744—Dress up your chair with these lowbirds, done in pineapple design in No. 30 cotton. They make an unusual chair seat. Pattern has directions for set.

Price of each pattern 20 CENTS (in coin). Print plainly: ALLEN, EVELYN NICHOLS, NAME, ADDRESS, send orders to: THE AMERICAN WEEKLY Pattern Department, Box 208, Station F, Brooklyn 28, N. Y.

Due to customs restrictions, Canadian orders cannot be filled.

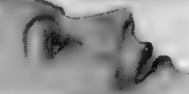


314-4

How to give QUICK REST to tired eyes

Just put two drops of soothing Murine in each eye. Instantly they feel refreshed! Murine cleanses as gently as a tear. Use it regularly. Send 10¢ for pocket size sample bottle. Address Dept. C-3, The Murine Company, Chicago 11, Illinois.

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES



In This Issue Amy Alden Gives You Some of Her Delightful Recipes for Holiday Cakes and Puddings.

SKIN BROKEN OUT?

If externally-caused pimples, eczema, or other minor skin irritations are making you miserable and embarrassed, try this 10-Day Test. Apply clean, pleasant-smelling MERCIREX (merci-rex) Ointment every day according to directions in package. Mercirex is medicated with SIX active ingredients that help soothe itching, smarting pimples and bumps, help correct dryness, prevent local infection. Pink-tinted, stainless. Can be used any time. Money back if not satisfied after 10 days. (Hintment, 60¢. Mercirex Soap, 25¢. Mercirex Shampoo, 50¢. At druggists.)

MERCIREX FOR THE SKIN OINTMENT SOAP SHAMPOO

36 November 30, 1947

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY

XMAS GIFTS For the Entire Family

FOR FATHER

BMC Pressure Lock Wrench. Grips any pipe, bolts or nuts will not slip or round edges. Actually 48 tools in one. No. 7—\$2.50, No. 8—\$2.00, No. 11—\$4.00.

FOR MOTHER

BMC Change-A-Blade Sissors. Interchangeable blades—4 styles. Sharp blades attached in 10 seconds. Priced \$1.95 to \$2. BMC Out-A-Thread Sissors. Light, handy. Has interchangeable blades. Priced \$1.25 to \$1.50. Also gift box with both scissors & snippers, extra blades.

FOR KIDDER

BMC Tractor Jr., for kiddies to ride. \$21.45. Ball bearing wheels. Puncture-proof tires. Welded construction, only 2 bolts. BMC Trailer with detachable box and grass rake. \$14.50. Combination \$32.95. Each unit \$1.00 more west of Miss.

FOR THE CAR

BMC Ready-Ray Auto Trouble Light. Flares longer lighter. Strongest focused beam for road-side, changing tires. 15% R. 12-15. BMC Street Signpost—Phillips Head. \$1.75. Standard Head. \$1.50 (cost of \$1).

At your dealer. If no dealer nearby, order direct.

MANUFACTURING CORP.
 23 Griswold St., Birmingham, N. Y.

DOES COUGHING RUIN YOUR SLEEP?



GET F.A.S.T. 3-WAY RELIEF!

Cough "tickle" due to colds or smoking cost you sleep? Keep this scientific formula of proven cough relief at bedside. Quick, long-lasting relief day or night 3 important ways:

1. Eases throat tickle
2. Soothes dry membranes
3. Helps loosen phlegm

STILL ONLY 5¢



FREE BOOKLET—For Those Who Suffer From TOOTH DECAY! TELLS WHAT YOU CAN DO ABOUT IT

Learn the amazing story of Deaf Smith County, Texas, where tooth decay is practically unknown. The booklet, "The Trail Began in Texas" will be sent you absolutely free. Just write your name and address on a penny postcard and mail to: Household Products, Inc., 631 Penobscot Bldg., Dept. W-1—Detroit 28, Mich.

In This Issue Doris Denison Tells You How to Make Ever So Many Delightful things for Christmas Gifts.

HAIR as an Accessory

By Sally Young

BE a pin-up girl with a pin-on curl. Straight hair, short hair, thin hair—what does it matter? Whisk your curls out of their cute little "hat" box, pin them on, and you're a new you. Perfect for the steno who doesn't like elaborate hair-dos at the office, but wants to look partyish after hours without a hairdresser's appointment. Added hair has been darkened in the illustrations, but a good hair piece is matched so perfectly that it's impossible to tell where your hair ends and your "acquired" hair begins.



(B) A top-knot of curls is always dressy. What if your hair is just long enough to put up, but not long enough to make that interesting little cluster of curls at top? That's where your added hair piece comes in. Easy as pie to pin on, and hair pieces require a minimum of upkeep. If cleverly matched, the added hair will not only match in color, but in texture, too. A good hair piece is made of real human hair, most of which comes from the Balkans.



(C) Many a woman has yearned for bangs, yet has hesitated to cut her own hair... perhaps because it was on the thin side, or she didn't want short ends among the long. Whatever your reason, no need to deprive yourself any longer. Just pin on the bangs already waved or curled the way you want them. Your dress may be one you've worn for years, but, with hair as an accessory, you'll look different each time you vary your coif.

(D) Perhaps you have problem hair, or thin hair, or hair that simply refuses to grow, no matter what you do for it, or a bad permanent growing out, or a misfit haircut, or over-bleached hair being reconditioned—all major tragedies if you must look your best for professional or private reasons. No need to be unsocial about it, though, and go into seclusion. With pin-on curls like these, you can face your most critical audience.



Sally Young may be addressed at The American Weekly, Box 382, Church Street Station, New York 7, N. Y. Send stamped, self-addressed envelope.

SEND FOR THESE CHARTS

Mark the charts desired; attach to a sheet of paper with YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS, plus a three-cent stamp for EACH. Address: Women's Service Bureau, The American Weekly, Box 382, Church Street Station, New York 7, N. Y.

BEAUTY

- | | |
|---|--|
| ☐ (1) Skin Care
☐ (2) Teen-Age Beauty Guide
☐ (3) Care of Precious Eyes
☐ (4) How to Trim Your Fingers
☐ (5) A Guide to Shapely Legs | ☐ (6) For Beautiful Hair
☐ (7) Hand Care
☐ (8) 7-Day Diet
☐ (9) Lose or Gain by Exercise
☐ (10) Banish Superfluous Hair
☐ (11) Face, Throat and Neck Massage
☐ (12) Hair Styles for You |
|---|--|

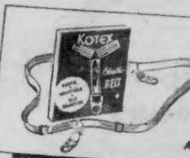
Not a shadow of a doubt—



You're poised, self-assured, because you know no tell-tale outlines show when you choose Kotex. The special flat, pressed ends of Kotex prevent revealing

outlines...keep your secret safe. It's the napkin made to stay soft while you wear it! Just two of the many important Kotex features, all very personally yours.

more women choose
KOTEX than all other
 sanitary napkins



To make the most of the comfort Kotex gives you, ask today for a new Kotex Sanitary Belt. It's narrow...adjustable...all-elastic. Fits snugly...lets you bend without binding.

Ask for it by name.

Hollywood actors and actresses say:



"New COLEO cleans FALSE TEETH cleaner!"



Scores of actors and actresses tested new Coleo on their own costly dentures. 8 out of 10 tested preferred Coleo to all other types of denture cleanser...because: Coleo gets false teeth clean! False teeth cleaned with Coleo sparkle with cleanliness...have a fresh, pleasant taste!

Watch Coleo fix away food particles and dinginess in minutes! No danger of offensive breath from dentures cleaned with Coleo! Try the amazing new Coleo on your false teeth today!

NEW TYPE Cleanser for False Teeth

Make Your Work Easier—Make Your Kitchen Brighter

EKCOLINE Kitchen Tools

18 BEAUTIFUL PIECES
OF STAINLESS STEEL



NEW "WING GRIP"

HANDLES WON'T SLIP OR ROLL IN HAND

CANNOT COLLECT DIRT · STRONGER · ELECTRO-WELDED JOINTS

CHOICE OF 4 COLORS
EKCOLINE
KITCHEN TOOLS

ONLY 59¢

STRAINERS, MASHER, LADLE 69¢ TO 89¢

MADE OF RESILIENT HARDENED STAINLESS STEEL WITH LUSTROUS MIRROR FINISH

HEAT BONDED JOINTS CAN'T PULL OUT OF HANDLES

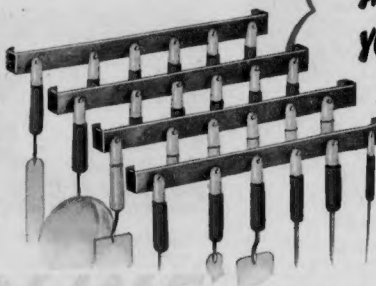
POLISHED PLASTIC HANDLES...

SAVE WEAR AND TEAR ON YOUR HANDS

You can't have nice hands with old, cracked or hard to hold callus-making handles. These new Ekcoline Kitchen Tools have scientifically designed "wing grip" handles that won't roll or slip in your hands.

And they're easier to use because better balanced. And stronger because precision made of resilient hardened stainless steel.

Get Ekcoline Kitchen Tools and be proud of your kitchen. Take advantage of the special introductory offer while it lasts. At good hardware, department and appliance stores... wherever good housewares are sold.



A GIFT
YOU'LL BE PROUD TO GIVE
because it's a gift you'll be glad to get

7-PIECE SET IN GIFT BOX
including strainer, spoon, turner,
fork, spatula, ladle and rack
YOUR CHOICE OF 4 COLORS

WHILE LIMITED SUPPLIES LAST

\$5.29
VALUE

ONLY \$4.49
NO MAIL ORDERS

EKCOLINE KITCHEN TOOLS

Precision Made by EKCO

Doubly smart - doubly welcome!



This Christmas give Parker "51"

Royal gifts—these "51" writing instruments. And there's still time to obtain them . . . if you see your Parker dealer now.

The "51" Pen is absolutely unmatched for popularity. 77 surveys in 29 countries confirm that Parker is the world's most wanted pen.

Now couple with this famous instrument a "51" pencil that matches it in precision, beauty, balance and writeability. And you have the single gift that brings *double* pleasure for years to come.

Today the "51" Pen offers a wide range of custom points. Each is individualized to suit a different style of handwriting. And only the "51" is designed for satisfactory use with super-brilliant *Superchrome* Ink that "dries as it writes".

Choice of exclusive gift colors. Sets, \$17.50 to \$80.00. Individual Parker "51" Pens (including the new *demi-size*), \$12.50 and \$15.00. Pencils, \$5.00 and \$7.50. The Parker Pen Company, Janesville, Wisconsin and Toronto, Canada.

COPY, 1947 BY THE PARKER PEN COMPANY

"51" writes dry with wet ink!"